Vol 5 **The War Illustrated** N° 128

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

6d FORTNIGHTLY MAY 15, 1942

THE PACK HORSE still has a place in modern warfare. Recently Northern Command's Pack Transport Company has taken part in some important exercises when this photograph was taken. This Company's work is to carry supplies and ammunition for the Infantry over country where wheeled transport is impossible. Each horse carries 320 lb., and a Company can carry twenty-seven tons of supplies. Many of the horses belonging to the unit were well-known hunters before the war, and some of them are International Show jumpers. *Photo, Planet News*

NO. 129 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, MAY 29

LAVAL: THE TRIUMPH OF TREASON

BY THE EDITOR

THE full horror of the French debacle is only now emerging. In the stunned amaze of her second Sedan the Allies of France had not envisaged the ultimate abomination which faces them today: a France at the mercy of the lowest created thing her changeful history has ever brought to prominence and power. Such bloodthirsty revolutionaries as Fouquier-Tinville and Marat had at least the redeeming virtues of enthusiasm for the republic and genuine antagonism to the oppressors of the people: qualities that not so long ago were recognized and are now applauded in the pioneers of the Soviet Republics of Russia. But this sewer rat who, by a cruel twist of fate and by long connivance with the ruthless enemies of his country, has come to exercise under Hitler tyrannical power for evil over his hapless fellow countrymen, is utterly devoid of all those ideals of public good that have ever made men do evil that good may come: his whole career has been marked by a callous indifference to every prompting of patriotism; he has been completely devoted to his own personal interests and ambitions.

TIME was when the name of Laval had honour in France. The seigneurs and counts of Laval were great figures in feudal times, an André de Laval was Marshal of France in the heroic day of Joan of Arc. Quebec has its Laval University as a memorial of the devoted bishop who fathered so well the early colonists when the Count de Frontenac held the town against the English attacks. But for generations to come this name will connote to France and to all the world besides everything vile, perverse, abominable. Even the historic, castled town of Laval in Brittany may be tempted yet to re-christen itself when the infamy that is about to be brought upon France by the scoundrel who bears its name will have obscured for ever what of honour its tradition retained.

For, make no mistake about it, France under this vile quisling is going to plumb the deepest depths of shame. His elevation to power at the hands of Hitler is the first desperate success of the Third Spring Offensive.

TO know something of the villain of the piece makes possible a shrewd guess at the dénouement of the drama, and Laval's life of political and social crime has been mercilessly laid bare by one who has known him intimately through his whole tortuous career, M. Henry Torrès, whose life-story of Laval I reviewed in page 672 of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and to which I shall here return for some forceful phrases.

Whatever we may think of Hitler and Mussolini, with whom Laval will now play third fiddle in their devil's orchestra, both of them are immeasurably his superiors, not merely in organized power but in personal character. They at least, however wildly mistaken in their ideals of national progress and in their political ideologies, however bloodthirsty in their methods, started with the notion of devoting their personal talents to the aggrandisement of their respective nations.

NEVER for one moment of Laval's life has he been influenced by such grandiose notions. Because his country had attained to imperial grandeur while he was still a dirty little boy listening to the vinous vapourings of his father's customers in the miserable *bistro* attached to the paternal butcher's shop at Châteldon in Auvergne (only a little way from Vichy and but little farther from Riom where his later career was to find its landmarks), because France was imperially great and politically rotting the mind of this repulsive Auvergnat peasant had no flicker of patriotic impulse such as undoubtedly imbued both Mussolini and Hitler, but only the impulse to enrich himself at his country's expense.

PIERRE LAVAL was Prime Minister of France 1931-1932, Foreign Minister after the assassination of Barthou in 1934, and Prime Minister again in 1935-1936. *Photo, Wide World*

To this one end he applied his high endowment of low cunning, first to local politics in Aubervilliers, that industrial outer suburb of Paris, where a pretence of sympathy with the trade-unionists, the socialists, and the poor, won him the support of the toilers and established him for years as mayor or political boss, whence progress to the Chamber of Deputies and thence to the Senate was effected by intrigue and a beguiling tongue. Almost devoid of education, his capacity for humbug was phenomenal. With a knowledge of law such as could have been acquired from an elementary textbook he worked up an extensive practice as a "poor man's lawyer," his tricky and ingenious mind and his complete lack of scruple being of much greater value to him than years of legal studies.

HE was socialist deputy for the Seine at the beginning of the War of 1914, and there is no record that he ever contributed one day's energy towards the victory. There is, on the contrary, overwhelming evidence of his defeatism. As a deputy he was immune from service in the trenches (his age was thirty-one), although many patriotic deputies refused to take advantage of this provision and died fighting the invader. Laval pleaded his varicose veins! There is an historic utterance of his in the Chamber on Jan. 21, 1917. "Without Russia we would not have been at war. Russia betrayed France. Long live France! Down with Russia!" By the same process of reasoning and with far more justification some British M.P. might stand up today and exclaim: "Without France we would not have been at war. France betrayed Britain. Long live Britain! Down with France!"

But during, and immediately after, the war Laval the defeatist was busy making useful contacts with crafty collaborators and intended victims, making big money from shady transactions with rogues in high finance, and slyly edging away from his pretended sympathies with the poor and oppressed, so that ten years later he was a self-styled Independent and as such became Senator for the Seine in 1926. The dirty little peasant from the mean little pub at Châteldon was planting his feet on what M. Torrès calls "the foothills of power," for he had been Minister of Public Works in 1925 and was now Minister of Justice, shamelessly misusing his power in both offices.

IN the incessant shuffling and re-shuffling of the French political groups his genius for intrigue had brought him by 1931 to the position of Premier and Foreign Minister, and now with vast financial resources, darkly secured (he had been deep in the great Stavisky swindle of 1929 but wriggled free with his gangster cunning), and a venal press at his command, his course for further profitable adventure in politics and finance was full set. He was not only Prime Minister but he was head of a gang: it was as though Boss Croker of tainted Tammany memory, having attained to the mayoralty of New York had become U.S. Secretary of State.

Foreign Minister again in 1934, he was Premier as well as Foreign Minister in 1935-36, when he and the Duce became thick as thieves and the abortive Laval-Hoare pact was a by-product of their friendship, while the Franco-Soviet pact (which he had signed with no intention of observing it) proved one of the factors in ending his premiership in the next year, as Germany found in it no obstacle, but rather a pretence, for denouncing Locarno on March 7, 1936, and reoccupying the Rhineland.

With the fall of his Ministry in 1936 he and his fellow defeatist Brinon, mainly through their control of important newspapers, carried on their insidious campaign for an "understanding" with the Nazis. "With Italian assistance," says M. Torrès, "he continued to work for a policy of Franco-German collaboration in which France was to play the part of a vassal state." And today, just six years later, he finds himself the active head of this vassal state. What a dark romance of history is here!

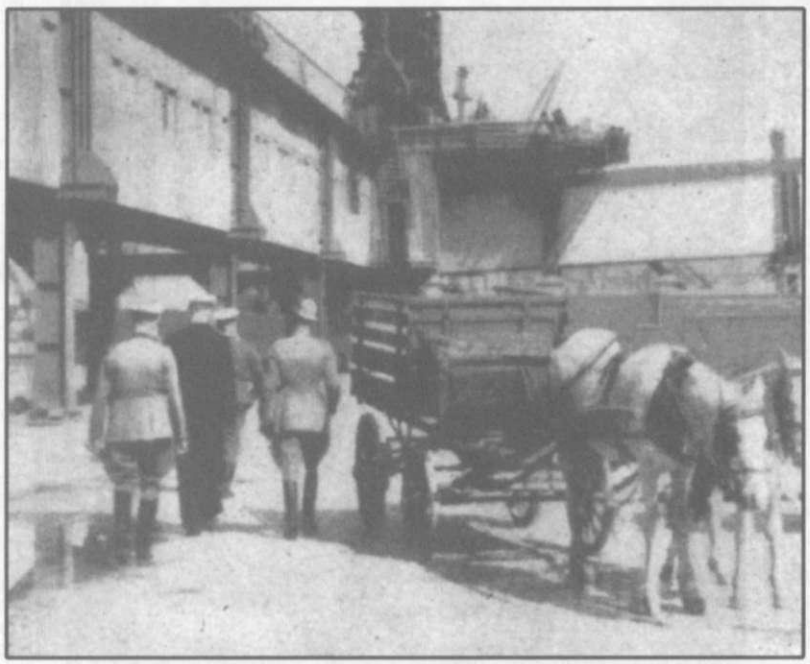
PERHAPS its most dramatic moment came in the confusion of June 1940, when he reappeared in the flight to Bordeaux as

the tried and trusted friend of Germany and Italy, as one who had given hostages to the enemy in years of covert and overt collaboration and was to be associated with Pétain at the burial of the Third Republic. M. Lebrun, President of France, no genius, no heroic figure, but a man not devoid of courage, was prepared to leave for Morocco at the head of a Parliamentary delegation which he, by virtue of his office, had named. The ship was ready to convey them, but Laval went to Lebrun and warned him: "If you leave this French soil you will never set foot on it again." And the cowardly defeatist prevailed: the one great chance of a regenerated France was lost: the traitor had triumphed.

PÉTAIN'S hatred of the man, due less to natural repulsion from a loathsome personality than to his own senile self-conceit, soon relieved the subsequent Vichy government of its most sinister personality, whose ultimate triumph over the vain old man is now complete, and will be merciless. Writing in the spring of last year M. Torrès concluded his scathing exposure of Laval's evil life with these words:

"Today the traitor is in Paris, surrounded by his old gang — Déat, Doriot, Eugène Deloncle (chief of the Hooded Men), Jean Goy, Jean Luchaire, Jean Fontenoy, all of them vultures who were able to spread their wings only over the charnel-house of defeat. He is also surrounded by the curses of the people of Paris, unanimous in their hatred for him and in their faith in the liberation of France by a victory of the Allies. His sinister figure still stands out against the background of all the events which mark the gradual sinking of his country into abjection; directly or indirectly, by his emissaries, he is still playing a part in the enslavement of France."

Precisely one year later events have justified M. Torrès. On April 19 Laval's new Vichy Government was announced, and there is not a name included therein that does not denote an enemy of the old republic, a jackal eager to hunt in Laval's pack for the picking up of a living such as Hitler will throw to them. Pétain, a defeatist in the last War despite his success at Verdun, whose mission to Franco Spain had marked him in 1939 as the possible leader of a complacent France which would leave Germany a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe—"the flag of Verdun held in decrepit hands was to screen the surrender of France," says Torrès—Pétain passes into the dim realm of the impotent as a mere figurehead for the Laval gangsters; he has no more power in his hands today than ex-President Lebrun in his Gestapo-guarded country home. In his 90 seconds' broadcast to the Vassal French on April 19 he had the dishonesty to assert that Laval had been his coadjutor in founding "the new Order which was to assure the rebirth of France" (an honour from which he took the earliest opportunity of dissociating him) and that now "at a moment as decisive as June 1940" he "finds himself" (note these words) "associated with him once more to continue the task of national recovery."



Food pours into Marseilles from North Africa, but most of it goes to Germany. Above, a German (left), Italian (right) and two Frenchmen inspecting shipments. Top right, fresh vegetables are loaded on a train bound for Germany. Bottom, potatoes for Germany being unloaded at Marseilles. *Associated Press*

The raw truth is that this old man is militarily and politically dead, but he just won't lie down. He is content to be used by Hitler via Laval as a symbol of a France that for the time being is voiceless at home and whose spirit finds release only in the words and deeds of De Gaulle and the Fighting French.

FROM every point of view the situation is tragic: one of history's ghastliest tragedies. We have now to face a France reorganizing for Anti-Allied effort, a France that is being forced to work for the Nazis and is almost certainly going to be made to fight against her former and still faithful allies. Almost more menacing than Laval at the helm of a storm-tossed ship of state is Darlan in command of the Armed Forces of the so-called French Empire. He is no less anti-British than the new head of the Government. A small-minded man, like Pétain a prey to personal jealousies, and anxious only to stand in with the side which he hopes will win the War, Darlan is as much our enemy as Goering or Raeder and will not scruple to use the French fleet against the Allies when his Nazi masters command him. The hope of France in that event lies in the sturdy Breton sailors who may have a word to say when the order is given.

Meanwhile, the only change in the situation is: that Vichy France now comes into the open as an enemy country, which it has been *de facto* since its Syrian forces fought the British in the middle of 1941; since it opened the way for Japanese aggression by the surrender of Indo-China the year before, since it began deliberate cooperation with the Nazis in North and West Africa, and aided in every way short of actual fighting the preparation and progress of General Rommel's attack on Egypt, which was based not only on Italian Tripoli but also upon French Tunisia with its ports of Bizerta, Sfax, and Gabes and its coastal roads and railway to Tripoli. Whatever the feeble Pétain dictatorship may have been, the Laval Vichy Government is now an avowedly hostile Government. Laval, in his new capacity of German gauleiter, has categorically named Britain as the enemy and accused this country of having dragged France unwillingly into the War. Britain and her Allies must now face all the implications of that fact; and hostility by air, by land and sea as part and parcel of Hitler's new Western offensive.

J. A. HAMMERTON

Retreat Through Burma: Fighting All the Way

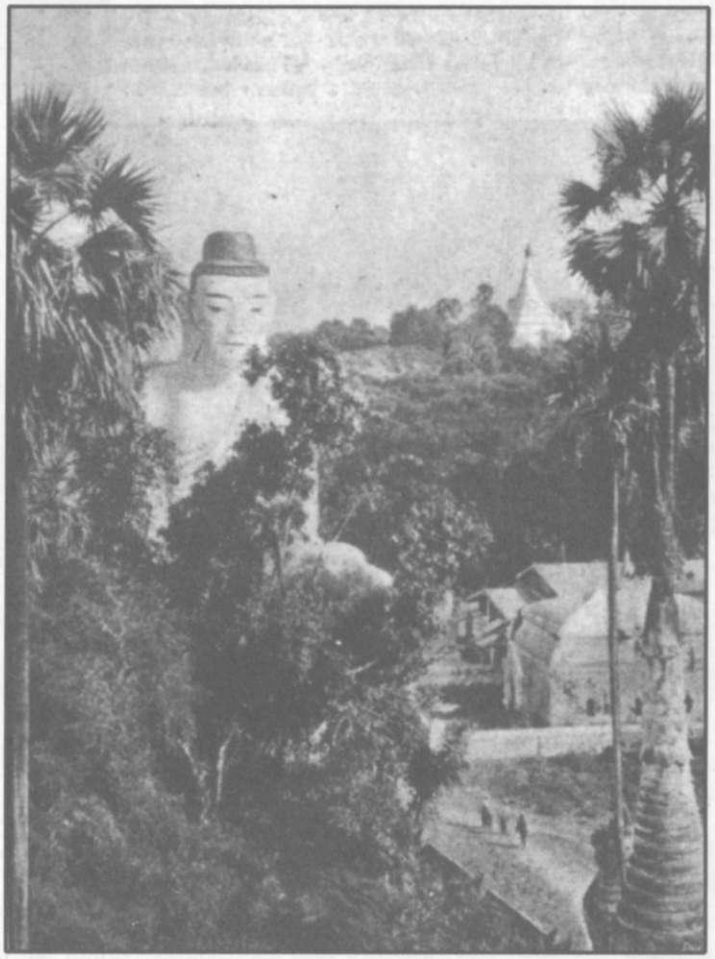
"The stubborn resistance," said General Wavell in his broadcast from Delhi on April 21, "that the tired and heroic defenders of Burma are putting up after four months of fighting, almost without rest or relief and in most difficult conditions, against superior numbers, is proof of the quality of our men."

WHEN Rangoon's fall was imminent the garrison marched out to fight their way northward along the road and railway to Prome and Mandalay. Their withdrawal was hampered at every step by rapidly increasing enemy forces, and the march tested the men's courage and endurance to the utmost. The situation was grave in the extreme; the danger of a complete collapse of British resistance within Burma had drawn very near, since both at Rangoon and at Pegu, fifty miles to the north-east, the Japanese were making great efforts. But on March 7 the situation was retrieved, if only for the time being—retrieved by a mere handful of British troops. At Pegu the Hussars (light tanks) smashed the ring which the Japanese had drawn about them, while the Rangoon garrison, with the Gloucesters in the front, fiercely attacked a road block which the enemy had contrived at Taukkyan.

Taukkyan had been converted into an improvized fortress: but the Gloucesters, despite their inadequate artillery support and the enemy superiority in the air, pushed relentlessly up the road, pursuing the Japanese from cover to cover. That night the survivors of a sadly thinned battalion slept in the heart of the enemy's defences. Next day the attack was renewed at dawn, and the garrison broke through. This battle of Taukkyan-Pegu was on a small scale, but it was fought for a great prize; had the Japanese won, Burma would have been lost to Britain straightaway. Moreover, it was the first defeat inflicted on the Japanese army. The Gloucesters, on whom fell the heaviest losses, shared the honours of the day with the Hussars, a squadron of the Royal Armoured Corps, the Frontier Force Rifles from the Punjab, two anti-tank batteries and some field artillery.

The retreat continued northward. On March 19 the Gloucesters were in action again at Letpadan, half-way from Rangoon to Prome; in a spirited little engagement they killed and wounded nearly a hundred of the enemy, and rescued seventeen men of the Gurkha Rifles who had been taken prisoner. Ten days later, when the British force had almost completed its withdrawal to Prome, the Gloucesters turned at bay once again, and surprised and mowed down the Japanese advance guard which had rushed headlong into the village of Paungde.

Now it was decided to deliver a counter-stroke and Paungde was selected as the target. A few hours after they had occupied it in triumph, the Japanese were driven out of the town by the Hussars, supported by the Gloucesters, the West Yorks, the Duke of Wellingtons and the Cameronians. One enemy battalion took refuge in the jungle, only to be ringed round by the British and wiped out with relentless precision by tommy-guns, bombs and bayonets. This brilliant little affair disrupted the Japanese plans for the swift encirclement of Prome. But the British force at Paungde was in no enviable position, since the Japanese vanguard had succeeded in by-passing the town and had reached Shwedaung, where the road to Prome touches the River Irrawaddy, and had there established a succession of road blocks, which effectively separated the British spearhead at Paungde from the main body at Prome. The Japanese engineers, in spite of the little time at their disposal, had made the most of the possibilities of the ground; moreover, they were being effectively aided by a considerable number of Burmese, so numerous—the figure of four thousand was mentioned—as to constitute a Burma army.



PROME, in Lower Burma, on the left bank of the Irrawaddy, 160 miles north of Rangoon, was captured by the Japanese early in April. This photograph shows the celebrated pagoda, visited by hosts of pilgrims, and the gigantic modern statue of Buddha. *Photo, E.N.A.*

These Burmans, reported William Munday, of the News Chronicle, the only war correspondent in that front line, fought with fanatical fury, being imbued with the belief that the charms they wore, and the "oath water" they had drunk in swearing allegiance, made them immune to bullets. Spurred on by Japanese officers who remained in the background, the Burmans in their uniforms of blue trousers and white shirts were mowed down in hundreds as they threw themselves on to the British bayonets and into the path of rifle and tommy-gun fire. Few of them could have retained their belief in their oaths and potions when the Indians of the Frontier Force hurled themselves upon them at a river crossing near Shwedaung. In this one brush alone three hundred Burmese disloyalists were killed, and another seventy captured.

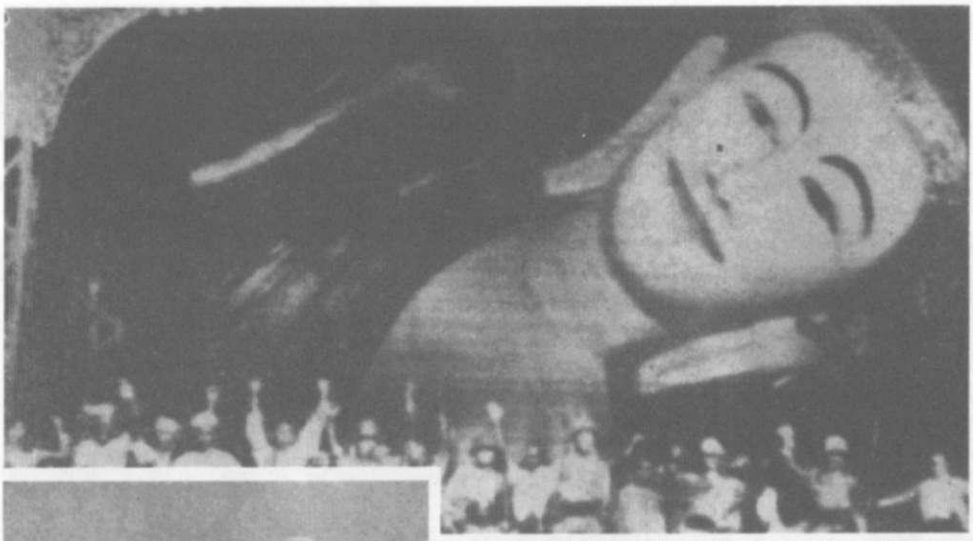
When the British at Prome realized the plight of the little force cut off at Paungde a counter-attack by way of rescue was planned. But before it could be mounted the troops at Paungde—Hussars, West Yorks, Duke of Wellingtons, Gloucesters, Cameronians and Frontier Force Rifles—decided to make their own extrication. Hard fighting went on for many hours; when a number of strong points had fallen into their hands and several lines of stubbornly held defences had been pierced, the British paused for a breather and to reorganize. Then they went forward again, and by the evening of March 30 the Japanese barrier had been overrun and the reunited British forces stood ready in Prome to resume the struggle.

But their stay in Prome was short. Japanese strength grew from day to day, from hour to hour even. On the evening of Wednesday, April 1, the British covering force in Prome was attacked by the enemy in considerable strength, and their defences in the jungle country east of the main road and the high ground south of Prome were overrun. After much hard fighting the British moved back to fresh covering positions north of Prome early on April 2. As they withdrew to their new positions they were heavily bombed by Jap dive-bombers and harassed continually by the enemy, who had followed hard on their heels. At the same time, the menace of the Burmese fifth columnists increased with every British reverse; many of the tribesmen in the Prome region had been in revolt against the British as recently as 1931, and they now hastened to take up arms again against us. But the withdrawal continued, and the Japanese pressure was successfully withstood.

Fighting was wellnigh continuous, and every now and again it developed into local battles. Thus on April 11 there was a fierce struggle south-west of Taungdwingyi, and other enemy columns were engaged as they advanced up the main road from Sinbaungwe; the same communiqué gave news of successful actions fought by a detachment of Royal Marines, operating on the Irrawaddy during the withdrawal of our forces from Prome. Two days later it was announced that the British had established positions near Minhla, covered by the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, "who for days have fought a magnificent action at Myingun." The communiqué went on to refer to the British forces in the Taungdwingyi area who were still holding their positions covering the right flank of the Chinese operating north of Toungoo.

By April 13 the Japanese advance elements were reported to be south of Magwe, over one hundred miles north of Prome, and uncomfortably close to the great Burmese oilfields at Yenangyaung, even Mandalay itself.

Friend & Foe On India's Doorstep



Japanese soldiers and Burmese before the reclining statue of Buddha at Pegu, Burma, after the Japanese had occupied the town (above left). Lieut.-Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, of the U.S. Army (right), commanding the Chinese Forces in Burma (see text panel below).

UNITED STATES military representative in China and Commander of the Chinese in Burma, Lieut.-Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, is particularly qualified for his post. He has seen fifteen years' military service in the Far East and is a fluent speaker of several Chinese dialects.

Gen. Stilwell, born in 1883, passed out of West Point Military Academy when he was 21 and joined the 12th Infantry in the Philippines. During his military career Gen. Stilwell has had two periods of service in the Philippines and three later and longer periods in Peking and Tientsin, where he studied Chinese, commanded troops and learned to understand the Chinese mind as few Westerners have done, winning the confidence and affection of the Chinese leaders, who hold him in high regard.

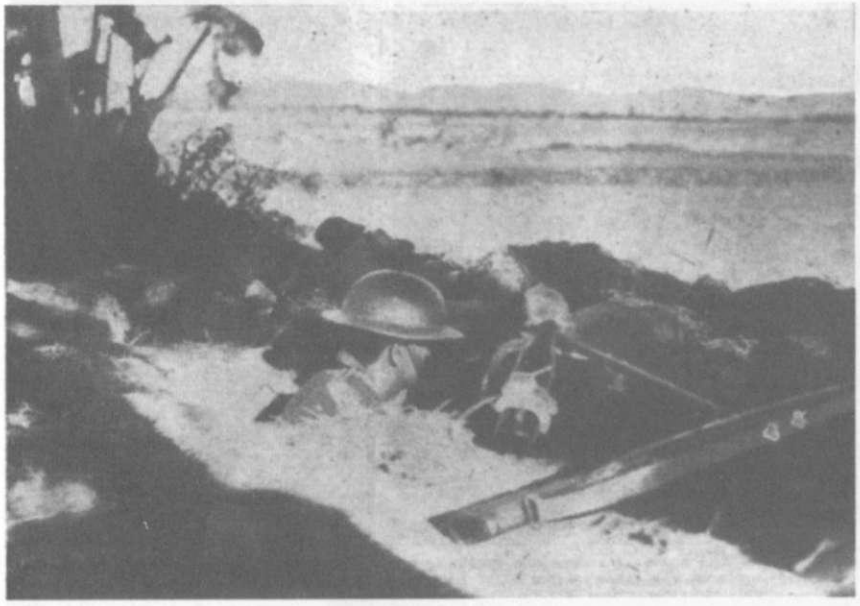
During the last war Gen. Stilwell served with the British 58th Division, the French 17th Corps, the American 2nd and 4th Corps, and at United States General Headquarters. For his part in the chief attacks made by the American army, against the St. Mihiel salient and in the Woevre, he was awarded the United States Distinguished Service Medal. The chief characteristics of his work are said to be ingenuity, exactitude and persistence.

Chinese General Officer commanding a formation in Burma, with a British officer (above left). The forest of derricks in the great Burmese oilfield at Yenangyaung (right). Installations were destroyed before the British withdrawal.

Above, women and children seeking shade under the wing of an R.A.F. aircraft on a Burmese aerodrome while waiting to be evacuated by air. Map, the Burmese battlefront showing the Japanese thrusts (black arrows) against the British-Chinese positions in Upper Burma.

Photos, British Official, Wide World, Sport & General. Map by Courtesy of The Daily Express

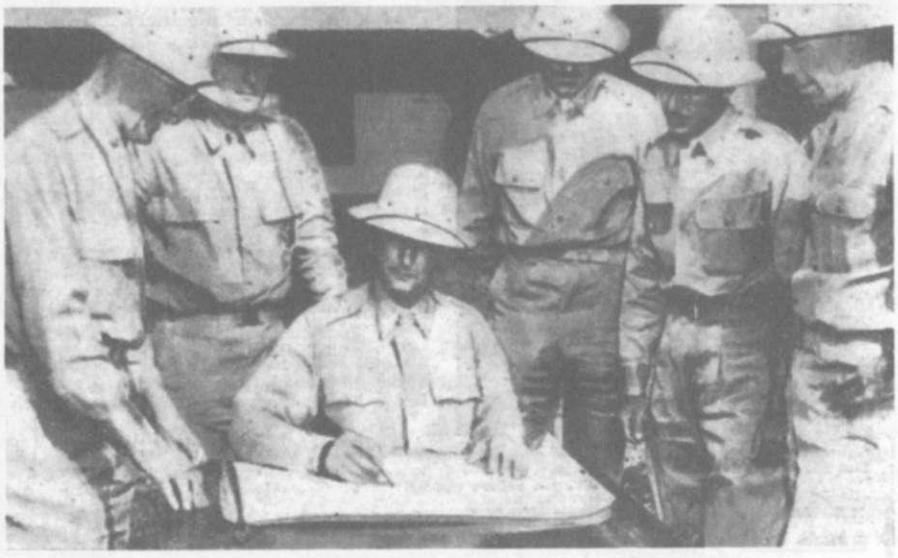
Behind the American Lines in Bataan



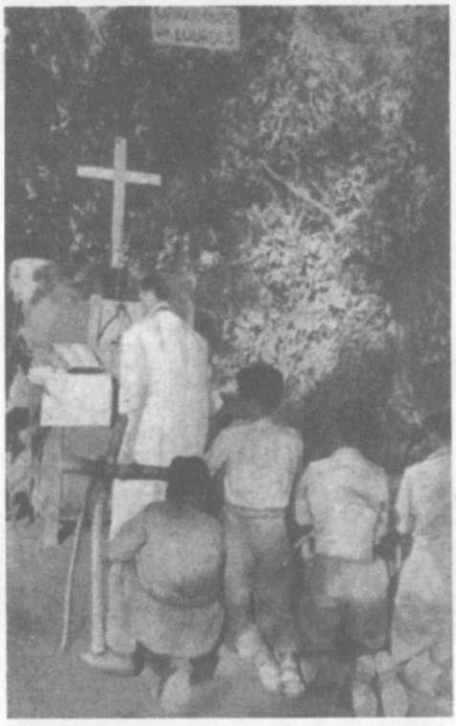
Above, an American soldier in a slit trench on the Bataan Peninsula gets a Molotov cocktail ready for action against a Japanese tank. Right, Japanese prisoners captured in the Philippines.

BATAAN finally fell because sickness struck down the brave defenders whom the Japanese had been unable to conquer. Lt.-Col. William Kennard, a doctor attached to the American Air Forces in the Philippines, has told the story of how, night after night during the month before Bataan fell, four ancient aeroplanes known as "the bamboo fleet" braved Japanese fighters to carry badly needed medical supplies to the troops on the peninsula.

Ten days before the collapse a very high percentage of the troops in the front line were down with malaria. "Sometimes," said Kennard, "30 or 40 per cent of the front-line men were lying on their backs. They were treated as well as possible and returned immediately to fight at a point where other men had fallen out ill. Actual war casualties were kept at a minimum during the last two or three months, but the number of disease victims climbed. Hospitals and field medical units did excellent work, but were handicapped by the lack of drugs." That is the real answer to the question, "Why did Bataan fall?"



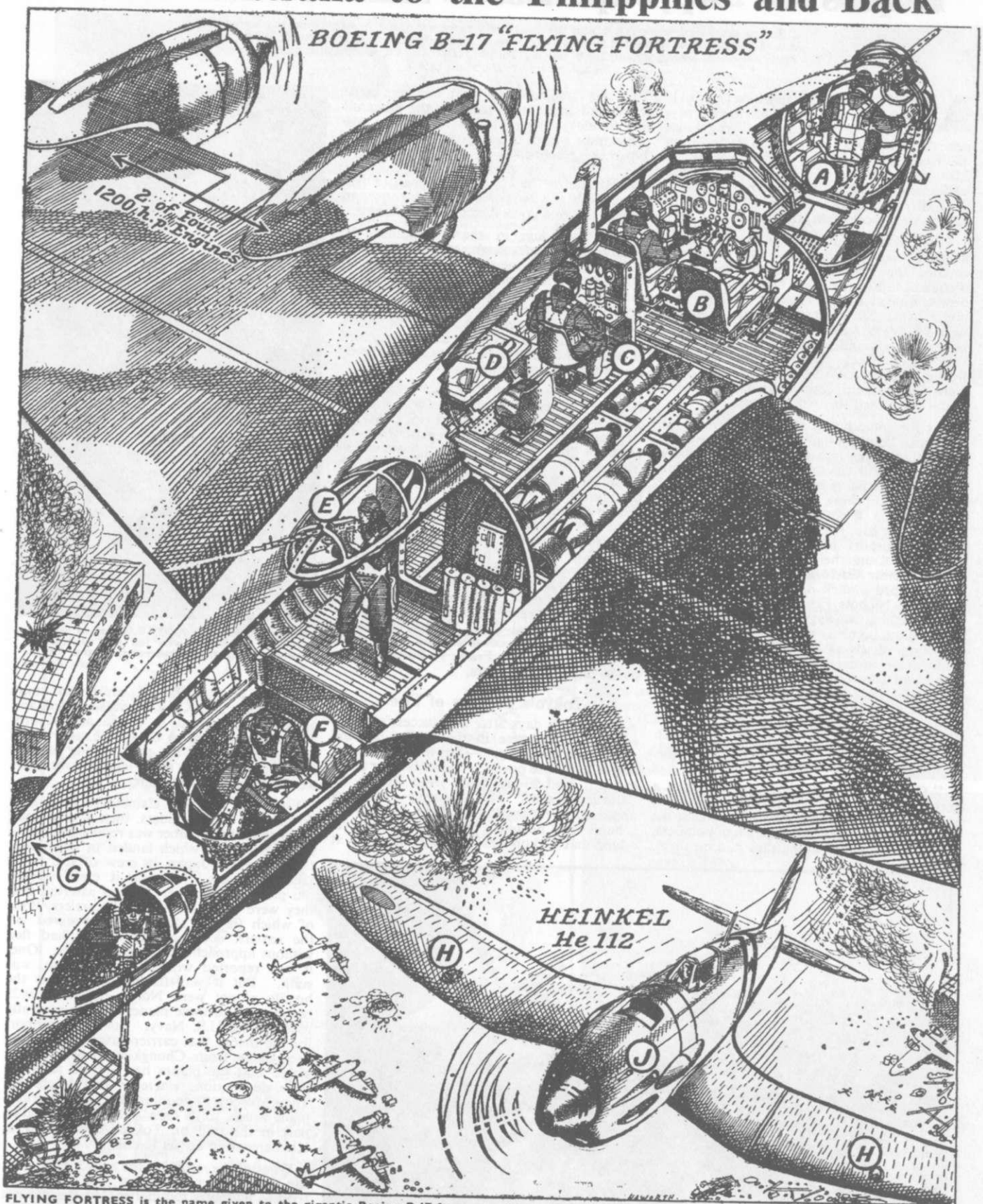
Maj.-Gen. JONATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT, who commanded the U.S. troops in Bataan Peninsula, is seen seated in conference with his staffs officers. Gen. Wainwright withdrew to Corregidor after the collapse of the Bataan defences on April 9.



Above, soldiers and civilians at an early morning service at the Catholic Chapel at Hospital No. 1, in Bataan. Right, American officers take cover from Japanese fire in a "fox hole" on the Bataan Peninsula.

Photos, Associated Press, Topical Press, Planet News

From Australia to the Philippines and Back



FLYING FORTRESS is the name given to the gigantic Boeing B-17 four-engined bombers, some of which took part in the recent remarkable raid from Australia to the Philippines (see page 680). These aircraft have also inflicted great damage on Japanese shipping and airfields in New Guinea.

The Flying Fortress is an all-metal mid-wing monoplane, with a wing span of 103 feet 9 ins. and a length of 67 feet 10 ins. Its range is from 2,000 to 3,000 miles according to load and it has a speed of 300 m.p.h. at 14,000 feet. It has a very high service ceiling. Driven by four Wright Cyclone engines of about 1,200 h.p. each, it can carry a very heavy bomb load.

Operating the Boeing. (A) Front gunner and bomb-aimer. (B) Pilot and second pilot's place. (C) Wireless operator. (D) Navigator's table. An engineer also has a place, but this is not shown. (E) Rear upper gun position. (F) Rear lower gun position. (G) Port and starboard gun positions in "blisters" on the side of the fuselage. The bombs can be seen in the hatches, ready to be released. The Norden sight used by the Americans for bomb-aiming is extremely accurate.

Japanese Machines. Seen attacking from below is the Japanese version of the Heinkel 112 single-seat fighter. It is armed with two cannon (H) and two machine-guns (J) synchronized to fire through the propeller disk. The 910 h.p. Mercedes-Benz engine gives a maximum speed of 350 m.p.h. at 12,300 ft.

Damaged on the ground can be seen several Japanese long-range bombers of the Mitsubishi T 97 type. These aircraft are driven by two Kinsei 14-cylinder radials of 870 h.p., have a speed of 220 m.p.h., and a defensive armament which usually consists of seven 7·7 mm. machine-guns.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

Bombs on the Japanese: America Hits Back

"Just a sample of what Tokyo and the Japs everywhere are going to get," said the leader of one of the flights of American bombers which went to the Philippines in mid-April. The very next week-end bombs did actually fall on Tokyo. Both of these dramatic and heartening occurrences are described below.

At 10.30 that Saturday morning (April 11) thirteen heavy American bombers—three were four-engine Flying Fortresses and ten were twin-engine B.25s—took off from an Australian aerodrome on a 2,000-mile flight to the Philippines. Their leader was Brig.-Gen. Ralph Royce, Chief of Staff of General Brett, Commander of the Allied Air Forces in Australia.

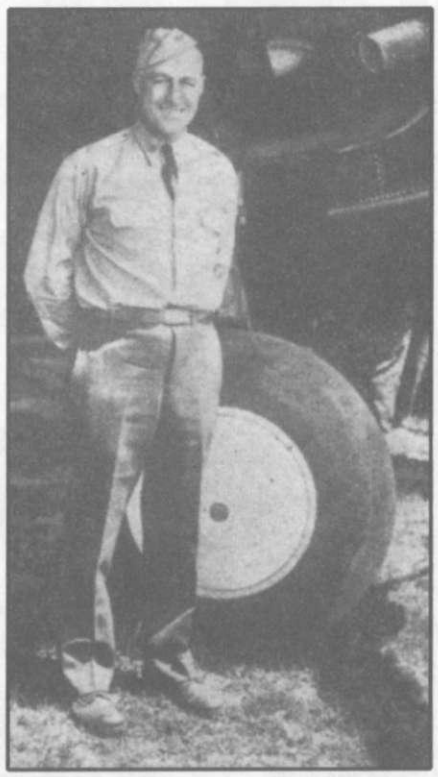
Flying throughout the day across enemy-infested seas and islands, the squadrons reached the Philippines before dark, but night had fallen when they landed at an aerodrome hidden in the bush in territory still under American control. Here comrades were ready to receive them with stocks of bombs, spares and petrol. Here, too—or at least within easy reach—were American fighter planes; one of these on several occasions was sent up against the Jap bombers, and it accounted for two of them.

But for some hours after their arrival the American bombers had the air to themselves, so hard did the Japanese find it to believe that a powerful air striking force was within reach of their bases in the Philippines. But on Sunday morning they learnt of that fact to their cost. First, the heavy bombers took off and flew towards Manila; they sank one enemy transport near Batangas, but were unsuccessful in their search for Japanese warships near Corregidor. So they flew on and dropped a stick of bombs on the aerodrome of Nichols Field, destroying hangars and damaging runways. The same morning the medium bombers attacked transports and escorting vessels at Cebu, and in the afternoon their attention was divided between Cebu and Davao. The next morning transports and installations at these two places were bombed again; enemy planes were shot down and ships sunk, and the bombers also smashed up Japanese troop reserves which were just about to deliver a counter-attack against the American infantry at Davao.

"Our raids threw the Japanese into a terrific panic," said General Royce on his return. "Imagine their bewilderment at the sudden appearance of a big bunch of bombers, which let loose everything they had on them. They did not know where the bombers came from, and their radio used up the ether all day Sunday, trying to find from where we came and a means of stopping us." At last a Japanese reconnaissance plane—"Photo Joe," the Americans nicknamed him—spotted one of the Flying Fortresses. Dive-bombers began to come over in twos and threes, and one got a direct hit on a Fortress.

After two days in the Philippines the American aircraft took off on Tuesday and returned without mishap to their base in Australia. They took back with them 45 passengers—34 Army men and key civilians from Bataan, Corregidor and other districts, who managed to escape under the very noses of the Japanese, and eleven of the personnel of one of the Fortresses, which was the only casualty of the operation.

Ten minutes ahead of schedule time General Royce's bomber landed on the blacked-out airfield on April 15. As the General emerged, Maj.-Gen. Rush Lincoln, Chief of the U.S. Air Corps, hastened to congratulate him and to hand him, on President Roosevelt's instructions, the Distinguished Flying Cross. "He has demonstrated to the highest degree the spirit of offensive action," said General Brett, in an announcement concerning the raid; "he took the fight into enemy territory, and created dismay and destruction at a time most important to our forces, and he has returned." The same decoration, "for heroism and extraordinary achievement in an aerial flight against an armed enemy," was also conferred on Lt.-Col. J. H. Davies and Capt. Frank P. Bostrom, two of the flight commanders.



Brig.-Gen. RALPH ROYCE, Chief of Staff to Gen. G. H. Brett, who led the spectacular bombing raid from Australia to the Philippines. *Photo, Topical*

Tokyo's Baptism of Fire

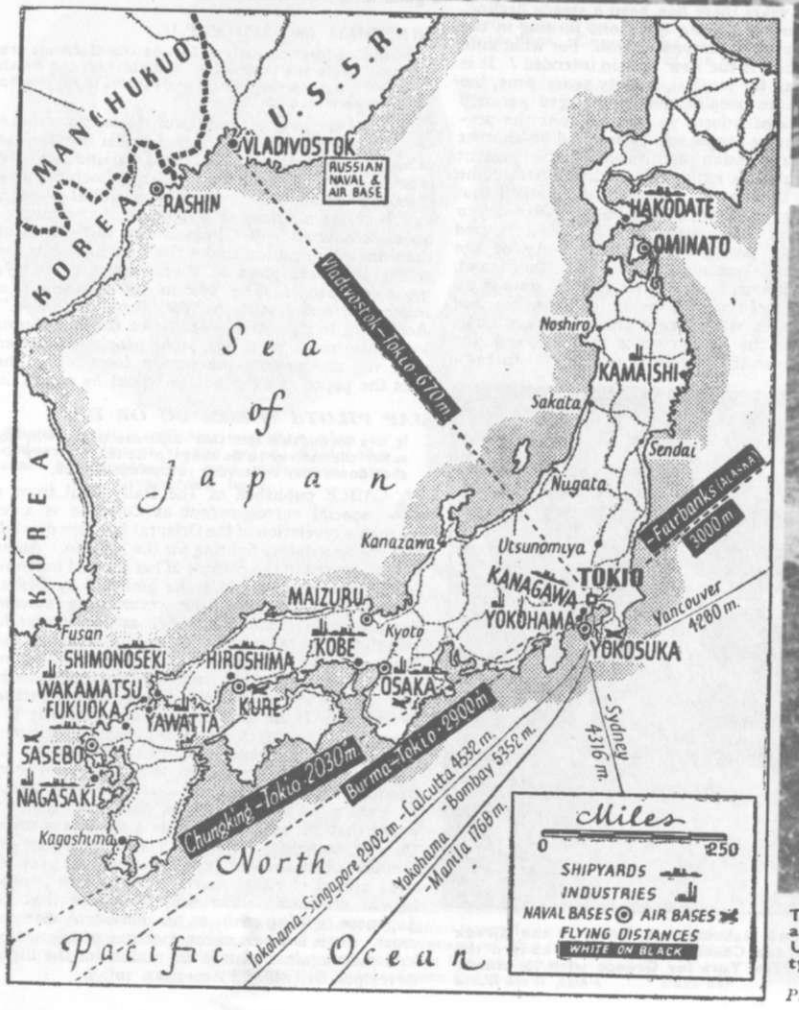
Only a few days after this successful foray against the Japanese in the Philippines, the Americans struck again—but this time at the seat of Japanese power. "Shortly after noon today," said a broadcast from Tokyo on Saturday, April 18, "enemy bombers appeared over Tokyo, inflicting damage on schools and hospitals." Later statements added that Yokohama had been attacked at the same time as Tokyo, while two hours later Nagoya and Kobe were also raided, and alerts were sounded in Osaka and Kyoto. These would seem to be all the ascertained facts; for the rest the story is one of confused enemy reports to which the Americans were careful to add nothing.

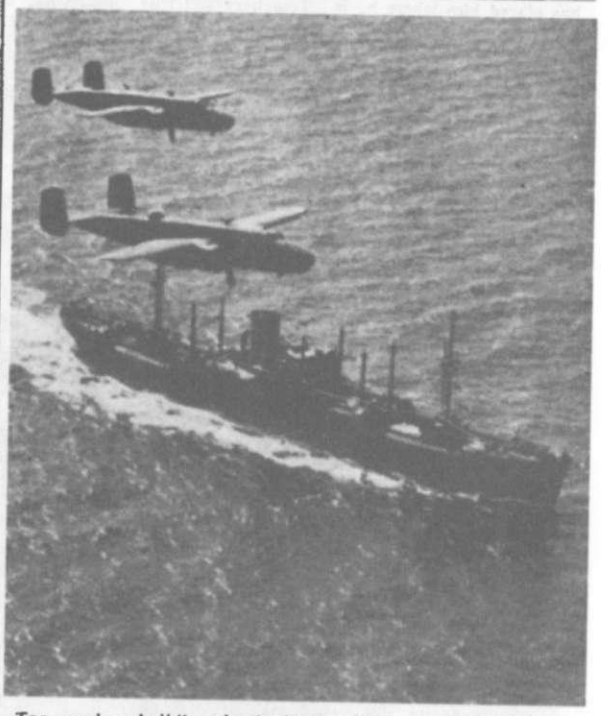
First, the Japanese claimed to have shot down three of the raiders, then it was nine; a little later the number was reduced to one—a solitary plane which landed in the mountains of central Japan, its crew of five being taken prisoners. Nor was it clear whence the planes had come. Tokyo asserted that they were flown from aircraft-carriers, three of which (it was stated) had appeared off the eastern coast of Japan, but had fled without approaching Japanese shores. One, it was reported without confirmation, was sunk. But it was further stated that the hostile planes were North American B.25 bombers—and these planes are not generally used by the U.S. Navy. But some support for the theory that carrier-based planes were used came from Chungking, where it was stated that the planes had arrived safely at their destination, wherever that might be. Then Moscow announced that an American plane which, so its crew asserted, had taken part in the raid on Tokyo, had landed at Khabarovsk in Soviet territory.

What of the results of the raid? Here, too, the reports were confusing. At first Tokyo tried to minimize the matter, but this did not go well with a statement attributed to Mr. Shigemitsu: "The British," said the former Japanese Ambassador in London, "have endured deluges of bombs for more than two full years. If we lose our composure, the Americans and British will clap their hands and laugh at us. Compared with the German raids on London, today's raid would not even be worth mentioning as an air raid."

U.S. FLYING FORTRESS which took part in the 3,600-mile bombing raid against the Japanese in the Philippines on April 13 and 14. Pilots who were engaged in the raid are seen consulting a map beside their giant aircraft. *Photo, Associated Press*

Where the First Bombs Dropped on Japan





Top, modern buildings in the heart of Tokyo, capital of Japan and one of the Japanese cities raided on April 18. Above, U.S. Army B-25 bombers ; Tokyo reported that planes of this type were used in the raid on the Jap capital. Left, map of Japan, showing important targets and flying distances.

Photos, Sport & General, Planet News. Map, The Star

Our Searchlight on the War

HITLER'S ERSATZ ARMY

"You'll think I'm prejudiced, perhaps—just being sentimental about the 'good old days,' as we're inclined to be at 50. But I do honestly think the fathers were better soldiers. Hitler has ruined the German army."—*Lieut.-General Rokossovsky, in an interview with the Soviet War News*

LIEUT.-GENERAL ROKOSSOVSKY is one of Russia's greatest generals, and the defender of Moscow. He fought against the Germans in the last war, and is therefore in a position to compare the Kaiser's soldiers with Hitler's. The latter is not a real but an ersatz army, he says. There is no true military virtue in it, and this he explains is due to the character, or rather lack of character, of their leaders. Here is an important but little realized fact. Hitler's continual boasts about his soldierly qualities and war service in 1914-18 are nauseating, for he was never a soldier by nature. He was and still is the political gangster, and whatever talents he possesses are founded on vicious instincts. His genius is not for military strategy but for treachery, and this is the weapon which has placed him where he is. Treachery and true courage can never blend, and those who employ treachery corrupt all men who follow them. The German army, no doubt, is physically and mechanically strong, but it is devoid of those moral qualities upon which victory depends.

HOME GUARD F.A. Home Guards, including many who were gunners in the last war, are now taking over field artillery for local defence. These men are firing an 18-pounder during exercises in the West Country.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

TIME'S REVENGES

A bust of Lenin has recently been placed in Holford Square, London, opposite the house where the founder of the Russian revolution lived during 1902-3.

FORTY years ago an anonymous and mild-mannered Russian political refugee might be seen going and coming to his modest room in Clerkenwell. Nobody at that time imagined that this middle-class intellectual with the Mongolian face was to revolutionize the vast continent of Russia, and influence the human mind to a universal degree. Lenin was an opportunist of genius as well as a master organizer. In permitting him to travel through Germany in 1917 to lead the revolt which brought Tsarist Russia out of the war, Germany unwittingly laid the foundations of Sovietism. For Germany's war of revenge it would have been better had she tried to bolster up the effete and corrupt system of Tsardom. Hitler's intuitions about what he affects to call Bolshevism have been right. His hatred of the new Russia is founded on fear, a fear fully justified by the fact that Germany is grinding herself to pieces on the idealism which is at the root of Lenin's creed. Lenin was as great in the political as Napoleon in the military sense, and it is fortunate for Russia and for ourselves that his power was assumed by Stalin, who never had any delusions that the revolution of 1917 would not have to be ultimately defended against the German people, the most reactionary and servile race in the world. The British people, who do not like revolutions and have no need for them, will none the less welcome this belated honour to Lenin. Time has brought Britain and Russia together in the fraternity of blood. Who is there among us who does not now salute the man who passed in and out of the door of the house in Holford Square, one of the greatest exiles happy, at least, in that freedom which Britain has never failed to accord to persecuted nationals of other lands?

FOOD FOR GREECE. Archbishop Athenagdras, head of the Greek Orthodox Churches in the U.S.A. and Canada, blessing food aboard the Swedish ship Sicilia bound from New York for Greece with its mercy cargo.
Photo, Wide World

POPULATION PROBLEM

Children under fourteen now constitute about 22 per cent of Britain's population. At the present rate of decline they will sink to 10·2 per cent in thirty years and 4 per cent by the end of the century.

FROM 1821 to 1921 the population of England and Wales trebled itself. During the past twenty years there has been a steady decline. This fall is one of the big questions lurking in the background of social reconstruction. For what kind of a population is the new Britain intended? It is useless to plan for youth if, in forty years' time, the country will be peopled mostly by aged persons. The statisticians inform us that by 1981 the proportion of young people will be reduced by another third if retrogression continues at the present rate. Speculation as to the decline offers some interesting theories. Nobody will pretend that the teeming millions who inhabited Britain in late Victorian times were well fed, well housed and generally prosperous. The poverty of the cities was an abomination. On the other hand, a certain religious and social discipline among all classes, combined with a feeling of optimism that life was worth while, kept the registrars busy. The last war, the uneasy peace that followed, and the present war, the decline in religion, the increase of secular pleasures, the motor-car, high taxation—all these in varying degrees are responsible for the empty pram. As between the birth controllers and the high population fanatics we must strike a happy medium. Britain is a small country, and 40,000,000 is probably too high. A lower population, if it could be kept healthily static, might be a good thing.

RAILWAY POLICEWOMAN, Miss Phyllis Piper, the first to be appointed in England, in her new uniform on her first day of duty. She was formerly in the L.N.E.R. offices.
Photo, The Daily Mirror

FREEDOM IS IMMORTAL

In their efforts to enslave Europe the Germans are trying to do the impossible. Intimidation and death only strengthen the courage and resolve of those who are determined to be free.

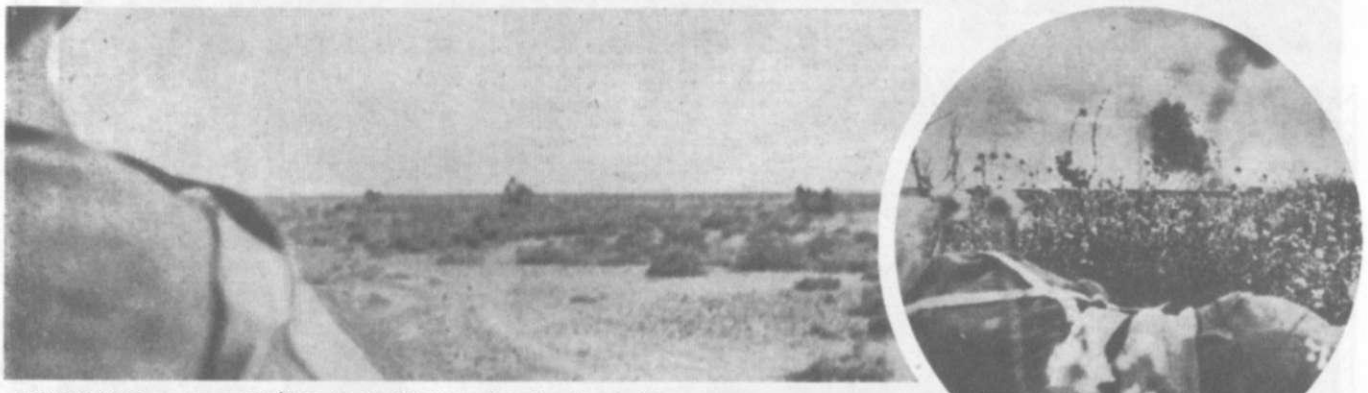
SOME of the greatest heroes of the war are those anonymous journalists who, under the shadow of torture and death, are producing the underground press of Europe. A collection of these secret papers should be made and housed in a special library, and kept for all time as a symbol of the unconquerable human will. Poland has suffered more than any other nation under the Nazi heel, but the secret anti-Nazi press in that country is read by 3,000,000 people. The system of circulation is ingenious, and known as the "rule of three." According to the Soviet War News the distributor knows no more than two other people connected with the movement—the person from whom he gets the paper and the one to whom he passes it.

JAP PILOTS MUST 'DO OR DIE'

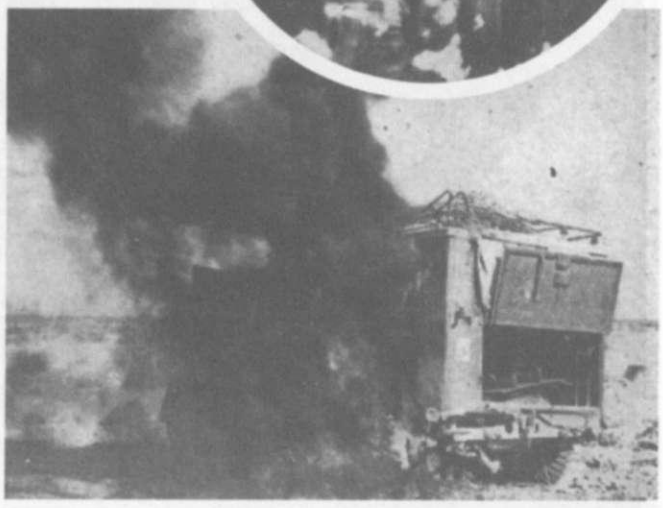
It is a formidable fact that Japanese pilots will not suffer themselves to be taken prisoner. If they are shot down they endeavour to commit suicide.

A CABLE published in The Daily Mail from a special correspondent at Colombo is a remarkable revelation of the Oriental fatalism prevailing among aviators fighting for the Mikado. About to be captured in the cockpit of his crashed machine a Japanese airman had to be pinioned by British soldiers to save him from committing suicide. Explaining his conduct through an interpreter he said that to be taken prisoner was an insupportable shame, but since this humiliation had befallen him his life was, in any case, finished. As a prisoner he had lost his status, and there was nothing further to live for. If the ideal of bushido or chivalry to a beaten foe is a myth, the law of hara-kiri is very much a fact. Should this principle apply to the Japanese forces generally, the Allies are confronted, it would appear, with an alarming obstacle to victory. Careful analysis, however, tends to prove that such a mentality is a weakness rather than a strength. Suicide is the ultimate expression of masochism, and a nation that practises it as a kind of ritual must be one of low psychological standards. We may conclude that the Japanese fighting man, as an individual, does not exist. He is but part of the machine of aggression, and man against man is no match for the higher developed British and American mind.

When Our Raiders Swooped on Rommel



DESERT RAID on Rommel's lines in the Western Desert. Above, the raiding party, with vehicles kept well apart to prevent less of a target, moves off at dawn. Circle right, men take cover as an enemy plane spots and tries to bomb them.



Left, one of the British 2-pounder guns accompanying the raiding party firing at enemy motor transport. Concusssion causes the dust to rise in clouds. Above, a German wireless truck, one of the many enemy vehicles set on fire by British guns.

Above, British officers evolve a plan to reduce an enemy strong point. Right, the plan has succeeded and prisoners are shepherded back.

GERMAN TANK, captured during the raid, taken away for examination. Right, a trio of prisoners, exhausted after their experiences at the hands of the British raiders, fall asleep on reaching British lines.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

BREITSTRASSE, LÜBECK, showing the devastation caused by the R.A.F. raid on the German Baltic port on the night of March 28. This photograph was published in the Hamburger Fremdenblatt, which fulminated against the "savageny" of the British, having conveniently forgotten the manner in which the Germans had formerly gloated over the "Coventration" of British cities. An aerial photograph of the raid on Lübeck, taken from an R.A.F. plane, is given in page 665.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Augsburg— 'This Memorable Feat of Arms'

On April 17 R.A.F. Bomber Command delivered a daylight attack on a vital war factory at Augsburg in the heart of Germany. Here we tell of this most daring enterprise, and also of the R.A.F.'s rapidly increasing offensive in Western Europe.

AUGSBURG, the famous old Bavarian city thirty-five miles to the north-west of Munich, is also one of the most important industrial centres of Hitler's Reich. Among its many factories is one where half the Diesel engines used by the German submarine fleet are made; and it was this factory—the M.A.N. (Maschinenfabrik Augsburg Nürnberg)—in the outskirts which was made the target of the R.A.F. on April 17.

Round about 3 in the afternoon a force of twelve Lancaster bombers, consisting of four sections led by Sqn.-Ldr. J. S. Sherwood, D.F.C. (No. 97 Squadron), Sqn.-Ldr. J. D. Nettleton (No. 44 " Rhodesia " Squadron), Flt.-Lt. D. J. Penman, D.F.C., and Flt.-Lt. R. R. Sandford, took off for their eleven hundred miles' flight there and back. Hardly had they got across the Channel when Nettleton's formation was fiercely engaged by enemy fighters, and four of his six bombers were shot down south of Paris. After this, however, there was no fighter opposition, and the force pressed on through a cloudless sky.

For most of the way they flew low, hedge-hopping for hundreds of miles through enemy territory. They did so because going low is very much safer for the bomber, since ack-ack gunners are hard put to it to shoot at a target so near the ground, while the belly of the machine, the most vulnerable part of a bomber, is not exposed to fighter fire.

At about 6.20 p.m. they were flying along the shores of Lake Constance. " First came two," said an astounded eye-witness on the German-Swiss frontier, " right down the middle of the Rhine; a few hundred yards behind them were the six others. I could hardly believe my eyes. In Constance the sirens began to scream only after the first two bombers were over the town. Not one shot was fired. It took everyone completely by surprise that the British should dare to come in broad daylight."

Shortly after 8 o'clock the eight Lancasters came in sight of their target. Augsburg is a notoriously easy place to pick out from the air; and, said the rear-gunner of the aircraft piloted by Flt.-Lt. Penman, who was leading the last section, " You could not mistake the Diesel engine sheds, they were as big as hangars on an aerodrome." All the aircraft bombed from a low level, two diving to two hundred feet, and heavy bombs were seen to burst on the target. " Before we dropped our bombs I could see large bomb holes in the sheds," said the rear-gunner just quoted, " and there were still bombs from ours and two other aircraft to come. I saw the bombs explode as we flew away."

The factory was very strongly defended by A.A. guns. There were gun posts on the roof, and one crew saw more than one of these posts wiped out by the bursting bombs. But so intense was the anti-aircraft fire that three of the Lancasters were brought down after making their attack. The five remaining aircraft, although all damaged by A.A. fire, landed safely at their bases by midnight.

On his return, Sqn.-Ldr. Nettleton, who led the first formation—of the six his was the only plane to return—gave his account of the raid.

" As soon as the French coast came into sight," he said, " I took my formation down to a height of 25–30 feet, and we flew the whole of the rest of the way to Augsburg at that height. Soon after we crossed the coast about 25 to 30 enemy fighters appeared. A fierce running fight developed. It was our job to pierce straight through to our target, so we kept in the tightest possible formation, wing tip to wing tip so as to support each other by combined fire.

We went roaring on over the countryside, lifting over the hills and skimming down the valleys. Fighter after fighter attacked us from astern. Their cannon shells were bursting ahead of us. We were continually firing at them from our power-operated turrets. We rushed over the roofs of a village, and I saw the cannon shells which had missed us crashing into the houses, blowing holes in the walls and smashing the gables of the roofs.

" The fight lasted fifteen minutes or so, and aircraft were lost both by ourselves and the Germans. One by one our planes were shot up and sent down. My own rear gunners found their guns had jammed; they had been working them, probably, so fast that they had become white-hot. When the Germans had given us all they had we found only two of us were left. By then we were almost defenceless, but their fighters gave up—probably they were running out of ammunition. After that we had no more trouble until we reached the target. We swept on across France and skirted the border of Switzerland into Germany. I pulled the nose of my aircraft up a trifle to clear a hill, pushed it down the other side, and saw the town of Augsburg.

" We charged straight at it. Our target was not simply the works, but certain vital shops in the works. We had studied their exact appearance from photographs, and we saw them just where they should be. Low-angle flak began to come up at us thick and fast. We were so low that the Germans were even shooting into their own buildings. They had quantities of quick-firing guns. All our aircraft had holes made in them.

" The big sheds which were our target rose up exactly ahead of me. My bomb aimer let go. Our bombs, of course, had delay action fuses or they would have blown us all up. We roared on past the town. Then I had the painful experience of seeing my last surviving companion catch fire. Hit all over by flak, it turned out of the formation, and I was thankful to see it make a perfect forced landing. I feel sure that the crew should be all right. At that moment all our bombs went up. I had turned and so could see the target well. Debris and dust were flying up.

" Then I set course for home. The light was beginning to fail. I was not attacked again. Until it was dark we again flew a few feet above the ground. Then we rose to a normal height and got home without further incident."

HEROES OF THE AUGSBURG RAID. Left, Flt.-Lt. R. R. Sandford, one of the section leaders of the force of Lancaster bombers, reported missing after the operation. Centre, Sqn.-Ldr. J. D. Nettleton, who was given the V.C. on his return. Right, Sqn.-Ldr. J. S. Sherwood, D.F.C. and bar, another section leader reported missing. *Photos, British Official, News Chronicle, Fox*

AUGSBURG, Bavarian city where big Diesel engine factories were raided in daylight by the R.A.F. on April 17, lies about 35 miles N.W. of Munich and about 550 miles from London. *Map, Courtesy of The Evening News*

The Germans described the raid—the deepest penetration into German territory yet achieved in daylight in this war—as " senseless propaganda," but they made the significant admission that " the damage done in this attack to our war economy caused an interruption of production in one factory for a few days . . .

Hardly had the raiders returned when official recognition of their bravery was announced. Sqn.-Ldr. Nettleton received the V.C., Flt.-Lt. Penman the D.S.O., and 18 others D.F.C.s or D.F.M.s.

Out-bombing the Nazis

Dramatically effective as was the Augsburg raid, it finds its place in a picture of a rapidly-rising offensive by the R.A.F. In 33 nights—March 20 to April 20—German aircraft dropped fewer than 300 tons of bombs on Britain; on each of six of those same nights the weight of the R.A.F. bombs on Germany was more than 300 tons. During one week it was 1,000 tons.

Another interesting comparison: no fewer than 200 Nazi planes flew inland into Britain during that same period. But on one night recently the R.A.F sent out a force of more than 300 planes. As to losses, the Axis lost more aircraft—140 was the figure—in their attacks on Malta than the R.A.F. lost (112) in all its day and night attacks on Germany. Thus the R.A.F. is developing an offensive whose aims are to cripple Germany's industrial production and, perhaps as important, to keep the German aircraft occupied, preventing them from being employed in Malta, Libya, or in Russia.

'NO LIFE WAS LOST IN VAIN'

We must plainly regard the attack of the Lancasters on the U-boat engine factory at Augsburg as an outstanding achievement of the Royal Air Force. Undeterred by heavy losses at the outset, the bombers pierced in broad daylight into the heart of Germany, and struck a vital point with deadly precision. Pray convey the thanks of his Majesty's Government to the officers and men who accomplished this memorable feat of arms in which no life was lost in vain.—*Mr. Churchill, to Air Marshal A. T. Harris, C.-in-C. Bomber Command.*

War on Wheels: Making the Army Mobile

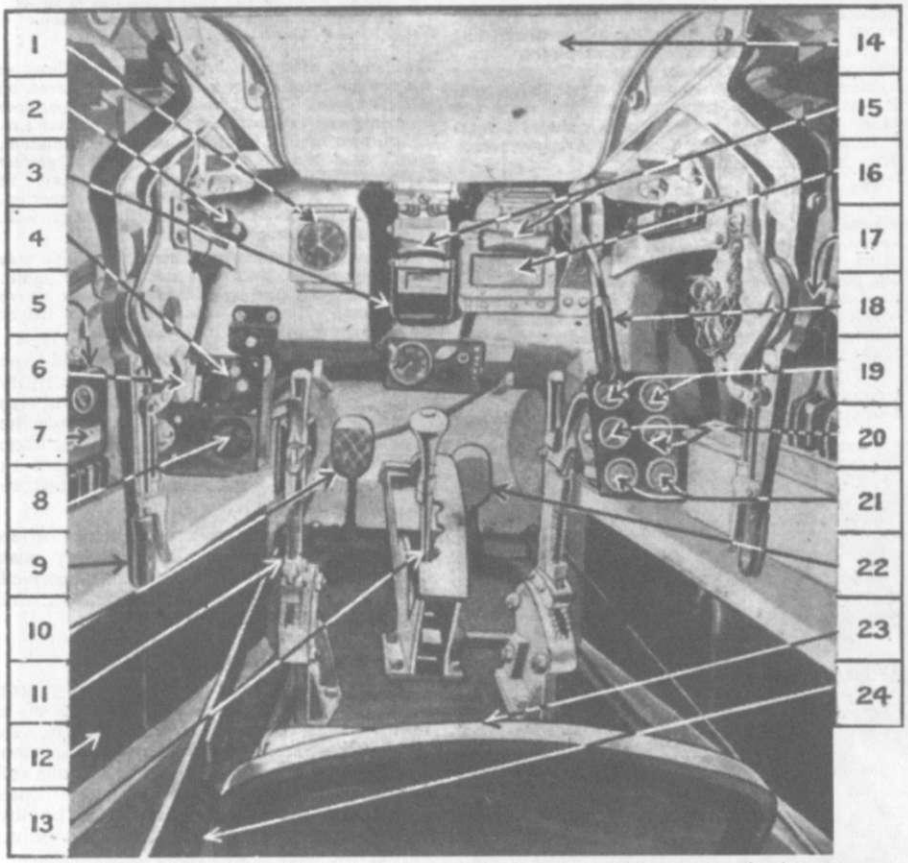
It is a far cry from the chariots of the ancient world to the armoured fighting vehicles of today, but the idea at the back of each is the same—to outflank the enemy by superior speed or to break through the enemy's lines by a combination of mass and momentum. Napoleon himself said : "The strength of an army is estimated by multiplying the mass by the velocity."

For centuries the horse was the only motive power superior to the marching capabilities of the infantry, but following the development of the internal combustion engine the armies of the Great Powers have undergone a process of increasing mechanization, and today the whole Army travels on wheels.

It is probably the infantry which has gained most in strength and mobility following this mechanization. Not only can men be carried over long distances in vehicles designed for the purpose, and with them the loads formerly carried in the pack, but wheeled transport enables the men to carry many more auxiliary weapons such as mortars, Tommy guns, light machine-guns and anti-tank rifles.

journey which, a few years ago, could only have been covered as the result of a severe forced march. Such movements of troops are carried out by the R.A.S.C. Troop-carrying Companies.

A vehicle which has had a great effect on infantry tactics is the small tracked armoured vehicle known as the Bren "carrier." Its main purpose is to carry fire power from one part of the battlefield to another and to support and cooperate with the infantry and infantry tanks. Carrier platoons also have, as an integral part of their composition, motor-cycles and motor-cycle combinations, for reconnaissance and inter-communication. Infantry machine-gun battalions are now entirely motorized, the guns, crews and



DRIVER'S COCKPIT of a Matilda tank. 1. Stop and trip time clock ; 2. Festoon lamp ; 3. Periscope ; 4. Engine starter switch ; 5. Ammeter ; 6. Engine cut-out ; 7. Electrical switch-box ; 8. Side and tail lamp switch ; 9. Driver's hood operating lever ; 10. Gear change operating pedal ; 11. Steering lever ; 12. Accumulators ; 13. Gear selector ; 14. Driver's hood ; 15. Brow pads ; 16. Bullet-proof glass panel ; 17. Series-parallel switch; 18. Lever operating visor; 19. Water temperature gauges; 20. & 21. Oil and air pressure gauges; 22. Throttle control; 23. Driver's seat; 24. Gear change operating rod. *British Official*

The tremendous variety of vehicles which contribute to the velocity of a modern army ranges from the motor-cycle to the heavy tank, and includes scout cars, light and heavy armoured cars, lorries, supply trucks, troop-carrying coaches, "dragon" troop carriers, baby wireless cars, wireless generating vans, truck-drawn guns, signal trucks, mobile artillery observation posts, mobile pill-boxes, fuel tankers, tank conveyors, ammunition carriers, Bren gun carriers, mobile pigeon-lofts, engineering workshops, breakdown lorries and even mobile headquarters.

Infantry are not, as a rule, "embussed" when making very short journeys, as the time and road space needed for embussing, debussing and deploying would not result in any great saving of time ; but for long distances "bussing" is essential, and the troops arrive "fighting fit" at the end of a

ammunition being carried in small trucks. Reconnaissance battalions, in addition to motor-cycles and combinations, are provided with light reconnaissance cars, often mounted with a revolving turret and carrying a smoke-projector and wireless sets.

Motor-cycles are, of course, extensively used by the dispatch riders of the Royal Corps of Signals, another branch of the Service which has been extensively mechanized. The old cable wagon with its six-horse team has now been replaced by the mechanical cable-layer, sometimes known as a "spewer," which throws out the cable while travelling at speed. The wireless equipment used by Signals varies from small portable sets in baby cars to large long-range stations operated from big vans. The Signal Corps is also equipped with armoured cars, tanks and mobile carrier-pigeon lofts.

In the Royal Artillery pneumatic tires and petrol engines have worked wonders in the speed of transportation of heavy guns. Until recent years field artillery was horse-drawn except for very heavy guns. Today, except for mule-borne mountain and pack artillery used in difficult country and the super-heavy guns, like those that fire across the Channel, which are on railway mountings, the artillery, on large pneumatic tires, is drawn by "Scammell" lorries or trucks.

Lorries, light and heavy, are the backbone of the R.A.S.C. today. Since this corps is the supply and transport branch of the Army, providing and delivering supplies, medical stores, fuel and lubricants for every branch of the Service, its transport duties call for a vast number of vehicles. The corps, too, has troop-carrying units, bridge companies (carrying pontoons, girders and bridging stores for the Royal Engineers), runs the Army's petrol depots, supplies it with rations, maintains large mechanical repair shops and vehicle depots, and even provides and operates motor-boat companies for operations on inland waterways. For repair and recovery the R.A.S.C. has one workshop lorry and one breakdown lorry for every 56 vehicles on its strength.

Even the R.A.M.C. is mechanized today. In addition to motor ambulances it has its own mobile neuro-surgical units, X-ray units, bacteriological and malarial laboratory units and blood transfusion units. The vehicles of the R.A.M.C. are, incidentally, driven, not by the personnel of the R.A.M.C. but by drivers of the R.A.S.C.

But when one speaks of a modern mechanized army it is of tanks that one thinks first of all, those weapons of war which, since first they slipped out of a misty French dawn on the Somme on Sept. 15, 1916, have revolutionized military tactics and during the last two years have altered the map of Europe. The main types of tank upon which British production is now concentrating are illustrated in photogravure in pages 687 to 690. In hundreds of factories the Crusaders, Covenanters, Matildas and Valentines are coming off the assembly lines in ever-growing numbers.

The **Valentine** is a sixteen-ton fighting tank, formerly known officially as the Mark III infantry tank. Carrying a crew of three—commander, gunner and driver—these tanks are very manoeuvrable and have a speed of about 17 m.p.h. They are armed with a 2-pounder gun and a Besa machine-gun in a movable turret. The **Crusader** (Mark VI cruiser tank) is an 18-ton tank for fighting and reconnaissance. Its powerful engines give it a speed of over 30 m.p.h. and it carries a crew of five—commander, two gunners, gun loader and driver. The Crusader is heavily armoured and has a 2-pounder gun and two machine-guns. Very fast is the **Covenanter** (Mark V light cruiser tank). It weighs about 16 tons and is said to have a speed of 40 m.p.h. The Covenanter, used mainly for reconnaissance and patrol work, is armed with a 2-pounder gun and a Besa machine-gun and carries a crew of four. Perhaps the tank best-known to the general public is the **Waltzing Matilda** (Mark IIa infantry tank), a 28-ton heavy fighting and assault tank. She has an armour-piercing 2-pounder gun with 70 rounds and a medium machine-gun with 3,000 rounds as well as two smoke projectors. In spite of her heavy armour-plating and tremendous weight the Matilda can reach a speed of 16 m.p.h. She has a crew of four.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

'Matildas' Waltzing on the Desert Floor

Matilda tanks in the Tobruk area carrying out an offensive patrol in enemy territory. The Matilda, an assault tank designed primarily for attack on prepared enemy positions, has been used with success not only by our forces in Libya but also by the Russians on the Eastern front. Designed for dispersal production, this tank is being made in many parts of the country.

T 10758

Britain's Cavalry of 1942

Photos, British Official; Sport & General

Top, Covenanter light cruiser tanks on exercise in the South of England. Left, a Crusader 18-ton medium cruiser tank, for fighting and reconnaissance, coming up a slope. Right, a Valentine 16-ton fighting tank of great manoeuvrability photographed in action during an exercise. All three tanks are armed with 2-pounder guns as well as machine-guns.

It's a New China that Fights Beside Us

Side by side with the British in Burma is fighting an army of Chinese, and below we tell something of these allies of ours, allies as hardy as they are gallant. Something is said, too, of the outstanding features of the New China, of which these Chinese soldiers are a product and a part.

DRESSED in their grass-green summer uniform, with their straw sandals and straw hats hanging behind their backs, veteran soldiers of Chiang Kai-shek's army poured into Burma a few weeks ago to play their part in the defence of this dangerously-threatened province of the British Empire. They were lightly-armed and lightly-equipped; such stores as they had were carried in lorries, painted green, with small Chinese flags flying from them, and covered with red-painted slogans. Many of them were drawn from Free China's 5th and 6th Armies, and have had several years of experience of war against the Japanese; thus they know the enemy's methods inside out. Their discipline is superb, and their bravery, their capacity for long-sustained endurance, is hardly to be rivalled.

Not long ago Chinese soldiers were a music-hall joke. The Chinese, being exceedingly civilized and rationally-minded folk, have been wont to look down on the profession of arms; and as a general rule only the riff-raff of society, the ne'er-do-wells, and the urban rabble have become soldiers, whether in the national army or in the private armies of the war lords, or *tuchuns*, who until only the other day periodically wasted the Chinese countryside with their rivalries and raids. But Nationalism has changed all that—nationalism emerging out of the threat to China's very existence that is represented by the Japanese invasion. Not for generations has China been so united, and accordingly so strong, as she is today under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek. True, the equipment of the Chinese armies is still poor and insufficient compared with that of the Japanese, who have been able to draw on British, American and Dutch arsenals and oil-wells for so much of the war material which they are now using against us. But China's position is steadily getting better. Large quantities of military supplies of every kind have reached her along the Burma Road and through Mongolia from Soviet Russia; and the Chinese industrial cooperatives—the Indusco, as they are called—are turning out ever-increasing quantities of small arms, ammunition, uniforms, and light equipment.

Toughened and hardened by compulsory service in the army, China's manhood is acquiring an altogether new virility—although in China there is still no glorification of war, which continues to be regarded as an unpleasant, indeed disgusting, occupation for intelligent men, one forced upon them by the aggression of lesser breeds from across the sea.

But a change greater and even more fundamental is being worked in the attitude towards life, and in life itself, of China's womanhood—not of *all* the women, of course, but of the more mentally alert, the younger and more vigorous elements in a sex which for thousands of years has been doomed to an existence of passive acquiescence in a state of affairs laid down and ordered by father and husband and son. To quote from a broadcast by Mme. Kung, eldest of the three Soong sisters and Chiang Kai-shek's sister-in law:

"We have never seen anything like it. Women have escaped from their cloistered lives and are working everywhere: at the front with the fighting men and the wounded; behind the lines with the war-shocked country people; far in the rear, in rural work, in hospitals, in war orphanages, in industrial and community services. And so we are digging in to resist to the bitter end."

There are many Chinese women soldiers in the army that is fighting beside our men in Burma. Though they carry no arms and do no actual fighting, they are right in the front line; they share to the full the hardships of the men and face the same dangers, ever ready to comfort and succour the wounded. "For them there is no lipstick, no powder, no silk stockings or soft beds," reports William Munday, News Chronicle correspondent with the Chinese Army in Burma; "even privacy is denied them." To quote from one of his vivid cables:

"I visited a Burman bungalow where some of them are billeted in bare rooms with Chinese soldiers. Here at night they spread their blankets on the hard teak floor just as others unroll it in a camp, in the paddyfields, or wherever they happen to be when the fierce sun drops below the horizon. There was no mirror on the walls, none in their packs—just one change of clothing, one blanket. They ate squatting around the communal rice basket, into which they dipped with their fingers. Their only feminine vanity was the delight with which they thrust borrowed revolvers into their belts, or borrowed steel helmets on to their heads, to swagger up and down for a minute until the guns and helmets had to be returned to their smiling owners. I noticed, too, their thick, black hair, always carefully combed; and their cotton khaki uniforms, in which they sleep as well, miraculously uncrushed."

But while recognizing China's valiant struggle against a powerful and much better equipped adversary, we must remember, too, the tremendous progress in the building of a modern state in place of one founded on immemorial custom and age-old tradition. Some details of this New China were given in a recent broadcast by Dr. Wellington Koo.

Following the Japanese invasion of 1937 Chiang Kai-shek established Chungking as the wartime capital of China, and embarked on a vast programme of development in a region which hitherto had been considered as the backwoods of the Chinese Republic.

Within two years over 6,000 new post offices were opened, and 30,000 miles of telegraph lines put up. Over 700 miles of new railways have been opened to traffic; over 3,000 miles of motor roads have been completed, and another 3,000 are under construction. New routes have been opened up for steamboats, and air transport has been developed for both passengers and goods. The production of electrical power has increased by 25 per cent. The industrial cooperatives (as we have seen) have transformed industry. Very noteworthy, too, is the fact that the lamp of learning has been kept burning. Thousands of students and scores of colleges and universities have migrated from the regions devastated by the Japanese along the coast to the interior provinces of China. But the biggest stride has been made in the field of mass education; in March 1940 a five-year plan was launched to eliminate illiteracy, and already of the 165 millions who were illiterate over 46 millions have been taught to read. And this in a China which is fighting for its very life.

DR. WELLINGTON KOO, Chinese Ambassador in London. He has held many posts in former Chinese governments and was for many years China's representative on the Council of the League of Nations. *Photo, L.N.A.*

"None of the old-time apathy and stagnation is left," says Dr. Koo; "everywhere one feels an ever quickening tempo of the national pulse, and sees signs of a dynamic new life." And because of China's tremendous manpower and vast potential resources, all this augurs well not only for her own future but for the general cause of the United Nations.

E. ROYSTON PIKE

Chinese soldiers on the Ichang front making the most of a period of relaxation. In Burma, Chinese troops have given powerful aid to the British forces around the oil town of Yenangyaung, where they recently covered the withdrawal of hard-pressed British troops across the Pinchaung River. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

Chiefs of the United Nations in Chungking

CHUNGKING CONFERENCE of Allied chiefs. This photograph was taken on the occasion of the recent visit of Gen. Wavell and Gen. Brett to Chungking to confer with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Left to right seated are: Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, British Ambassador to China until Jan., 1942, and now Ambassador to U.S.S.R.; Madame and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek; Lt.-Gen. George Brett; Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell. Behind Sir Archibald Kerr is Maj.-Gen. Lancelot Dennys, head of the British Military Mission to China (since killed in an air crash). Between Sir Archibald and Madame Chiang is Mr. Owen Lattimore, personal political adviser to the Generalissimo, behind whom stands Gen. Ho Ying-chin, with, next to him, Brig.-Gen. John Magruder, head of the American Military Mission to China.
Photo, Pictorial Press

GEN. WAVELL SPEAKS TO INDIA

OUR ultimate victory against the brutality and aggression of the Axis Powers is beyond doubt. You have on your side four of the toughest and most enduring races of the world—the British, Chinese, Russians and Americans.

The British may be idle and easy-going in times of peace, but their core is as hard and as unyielding as ever. Adversity picks up the tough heart and reveals that core. They will never give in. The Chinese, though half armed, have stubbornly defended their civilization for nearly five years against the upstart Japanese, and will continue to do so to the end. The Russians have endured an armoured onslaught by the Germans on a scale never equalled, and have thrown it back as they have thrown back so many other invaders. Their endurance is everlasting. And the Americans—of whose determination to assist India to the utmost of their inexhaustible resources Indians have already seen so much evidence—do they strike you as a people who will let go when once they have taken a hold? So our victory is only a question of work and time.

The immediate danger to India is air attack, but I want to get the danger into its proper proportion. The savage ruthlessness shown by Germans against Rotterdam and against some towns and cities in Great Britain has instilled fear, as it was meant to do, in the minds of other people. But it did not break the resistance or terrorize the minds, be it noted, of the Dutch and British peoples who suffered under them . . .

I WAS in Singapore only a few days before its surrender, when it had been experiencing continuous raiding at the maximum scale which the Japanese Air Force could bring to bear. Yet Singapore had few scars and there were few casualties, military or civilian, despite the inadequate defences. . . . I can assure you that if people keep their heads and take precautions laid down by the A.R.P. Service, casualties will not be heavy. Air raids produce more noise and dirt than loss of life or injuries. . . . Already in their attacks on Colombo and Trincomalee, the Japanese had as high a proportion of loss, despite great numerical superiority, as they did in their attacks on Rangoon last winter. Our defence is growing in strength almost daily, and expanding over India.

There is the prospect of invasion by sea and land. That the shores of India are threatened is obvious, and that the enemy might even attempt a landing in force is equally obvious . . . It is impossible to erect defences along the whole immense coastline of India or place soldiers to guard all points.

Our danger is clear to us and seems great. But consider the distance the Japanese are from their bases, the enormous area over which their war effort is already dispersed, the vulnerability to sea and air attack of their line of communications to India, the immensity of the country they would be seeking to conquer. They may raid India. They may even seek to occupy a portion of it temporarily, but as long as India remains true to herself she can never be conquered.

NOTHING can stop us from winning the war; but defeatism and unreasoning panic may hinder and delay the victory. Some of India's most prominent leaders have lately given a stirring call towards resistance against aggression. If all in India, of every class and creed, British and Indian, official and non-official, calmly stay at their posts in office, factory and village, and will work wholeheartedly for India at this crisis, we have nothing to fear.—*From broadcast, April 21*

Out of Italian Prisons into Egypt's Sunshine

FREE AGAIN, wounded British prisoners enjoy the sun on the deck of the Union Castle liner Llandovery Castle, which is seen in the top photograph arriving at Alexandria with repatriated prisoners aboard. Under an Anglo-Italian agreement 129 British prisoners of war and 917 Italians were exchanged for repatriation. The British prisoners travelled to Smyrna in the Italian hospital ship Gradisca, and there were transferred to the Llandovery Castle, which took them to Alexandria. Circle, some of the freed British prisoners at Alexandria. *Photos, Wide World*

Our Diary of the War

APRIL 15, 1942, Wednesday *956th day*

Air.—R.A.F. sweeps over N. France. Docks at Cherbourg attacked. Night attack on the Ruhr, aerodromes in the Low Countries and the docks at St. Nazaire and Le Havre.

Russian Front.—Moscow announced U-boat sunk and enemy destroyer damaged by Soviet warship in Arctic. Red Army troops in Bryansk sector pierced Germans' second defence line.

Burma.—Chungking communiqué announced opening of a major Japanese offensive in Southern Shan States against Chinese eastern flank.

Philippines.—Australian communiqué reported that American heavy bombers had made surprise raids on Jap bases in Philippines on April 13-14, making a 3,600-mile trip.

Australasia.—Allied aircraft made heavy raid on Rabaul.

General.—American residents in unoccupied France urged to sail for home.

APRIL 16, Thursday *957th day*

Air.—Over 400 Spitfires made sweeps over N. France. Night raids on Lorient and Le Havre.

Burma.—British took up positions near Yeuchaung.

General.—The King awarded the George Cross to Malta.

APRIL 17, Friday *958th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made daylight raid on Augsburg, near Munich. More sweeps over N. France. Night raids on Hamburg, St. Nazaire and Le Havre.

Burma.—British destroyed oilfields at Yenangyaung.

APRIL 18, Saturday *959th day*

Air.—R.A.F. sweep over N. France. Attack on Frisian Islands by British planes.

Burma.—British tanks smashed Jap attempt to prevent destruction of oilfields.

Japan.—First air raids by U.S. planes on Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe and Nagoya.

General.—Laval announced new Vichy cabinet.

APRIL 19, Sunday *960th day*

Air.—R.A.F. sweeps over N. France continued.

Russian Front.—Fighting became heavier on the Finnish front.

Burma.—Fierce fighting in the area of the Pichaung.

Indian Ocean.—British planes raided Andamans.

Australasia.—Heavy raids renewed by Allies against Rabaul.

APRIL 20, Monday *961st day*

Mediterranean.—Heavy air attack on Malta. 11 raiders destroyed.

Burma.—Chinese troops recaptured oil town of Yenangyaung.

Philippines.—Corregidor and other fortresses in Manila bay heavily attacked.

General.—Vichy announced execution at Rouen by Germans of 30 hostages.

APRIL 21, Tuesday *962nd day*

Sea.—Mr. Curtin announced loss of H.M.A.S. Vampire.

Mediterranean. — Malta blitz continued.

Burma.—Battles at Pyinmana and Bawlake.

Philippines.—Japs made new landings on Panay Island.

Australasia.—Allied bombers attacked Rabaul. Port Moresby raided by Japs.

APRIL 22, Wednesday *963rd day*

Air.—Daylight raids on Cherbourg peninsula. Night attack on Rhineland and Le Havre.

Russian Front.—Red Army pushed forward six miles in Karelia.

Mediterranean.—Three heavy air attacks on Malta. 30 enemy planes destroyed or damaged. Sicily bombed by R.A.F.

Burma.—Japs launched strong attacks on Loikaw.

Philippines. — Defenders forced to withdraw from Lambunao, Panay.

General.—Commandos raided French coast near Boulogne.

APRIL 23, Thursday *964th day*

Air.—Heavy night attack by R.A.F. on Baltic port of Rostock.

Mediterranean.—More Axis planes destroyed over Malta.

Burma.—Japs launched big attacks on three fronts.

Australasia.—Allied air attacks on Rabaul. Three Jap raids on Port Moresby.

General.—S. Africa severed diplomatic relations with Vichy.

APRIL 24, Friday *965th day*

Air.—Offensive sweep by R.A.F. over N. France. Docks at Flushing bombed. Rostock again raided.

Mediterranean.—Several more air raids on Malta.

V.C. HEROES OF SIDI REZEGH. Left, 2nd Lt. G. W. Gunn, M.C., R.H.A., who, in an unarmoured car under the heavy fire of 60 tanks, directed the fire of his four anti-tank guns. Finally only one remained. All the crew were casualties except the sergeant. Lt. Gunn, with the sergeant as loader, continued firing until killed. Right, Rifleman John Beeley, K.R.R.C., who carried a Bren gun towards a German post and killed or wounded the entire crew of an anti-tank gun. The post was silenced and Beeley's platoon was enabled to advance. Both men gave their lives for their country. *Photos, News Chronicle and Planet News*

Burma.—Jap mechanised units pushing on towards Mandalay.

Philippines.—Further Jap landings at three points.

Home.—Night raid on Exeter.

APRIL 25, Saturday *966th day*

Air.—Rostock again raided at night. Other night targets of R.A.F. were Skoda works at Pilsen, objectives in S. Germany and docks at Dunkirk. Gigantic daylight sweep including submarine targets at Cherbourg and Le Havre, Calais factory and Abbeville railway.

Burma.—Japanese on Salween front pushing N.E. from Hopong.

Australasia.—Darwin bombed. 8 Jap bombers and 3 fighters destroyed.

Home.—Heavy German night raid on Bath.

General.—Washington announced landing of American troops on French island of New Caledonia.

APRIL 26, Sunday *967th day*

Air.—R.A.F. sweep over N. France. Rly. yards at St. Omer and Hazebrouck bombed. Rostock bombed at night.

Russian Front.—Red Army strikes in Lapland.

Mediterranean. — Incessant air raids on Malta.

Burma.—Chinese recaptured Taunggyi. Japs nearing Pyawbwe.

Home.—Bath again raided at night.

APRIL 27, Monday *968th day*

Air.—R.A.F. sweeps over N. France. Night raids on Cologne and Trondhjem.

Russian Front.—Russians announced capture of Borok, west of Lake Ilmen.

Mediterranean.—Two air raids on Malta.

Burma.—Japs advancing on Lashio.

Australasia.—Darwin bombed by Japs.

Home.—Night raid on Norwich.

General.—U.S. Navy Dept. announced loss of destroyer Sturtevant.

APRIL 28, Tuesday *969th day*

Air.—Day sweep over N. France Night raids on Trondhjem and Kiel.

Russian Front.—German attack on Smolensk front repelled.

Mediterranean.—Three daylight raids on Malta.

Africa.—Many killed and injured in night raid on Alexandria.

Burma.—Lashio heavily bombed by Jap raiders.

Australasia.—More Jap raids on Port Moresby. Allied bombers raided Lae: Mr. Curtin revealed arrival of more U.S. reinforcements in Australia.

Home.—Germans made night raid on York.

General.—President Roosevelt broadcast to U.S. Disclosed that U.S. warships were operating in Mediterranean.

Planning the Course Ahead: Mr. Lyttelton's 'Postscript'

WE have been told often that we are fighting this war to think our own thoughts and live our own lives, and I only want to let our imagination play for a moment on what thoughts we are going to think, and what lives we wish to live. For, make no mistake, we are going to win by our present sacrifices and by our present toil, our right to think them in our own way and our right to live them in our own way. What is that way going to be?

If I can, I want to dispel some of the natural fears which we harbour. One of those fears is that immediately after the war there will be a great wave of unemployment. But there is no reason why that should be inevitable. On the contrary: immediately after the war there will be an overwhelming demand for those goods which we consume currently for clothes and food and so forth. On top of this demand will be piled the need for re-establishing our stocks. In the clothing industry and in the food industry, there will be an immense need for labour, and our problem for four or five years after the war will not be a problem of unemployment, but a problem of transfer of labour—the problem of getting the peacetime industries going again quickly enough to meet the enormous and impatient demand that there will be for their products.

But these days of immense demand for goods which we consume, like clothes and food and tobacco, cannot be the permanent basis for a national economy. They are like a honeymoon, and when it is over we shall have to find a permanent balance in our economic, and indeed in our whole national, life. Let us agree about the common foundations upon which we wish to build that life, and we *shall* build it. There is nothing that we are more likely to get than the things which we wish for.

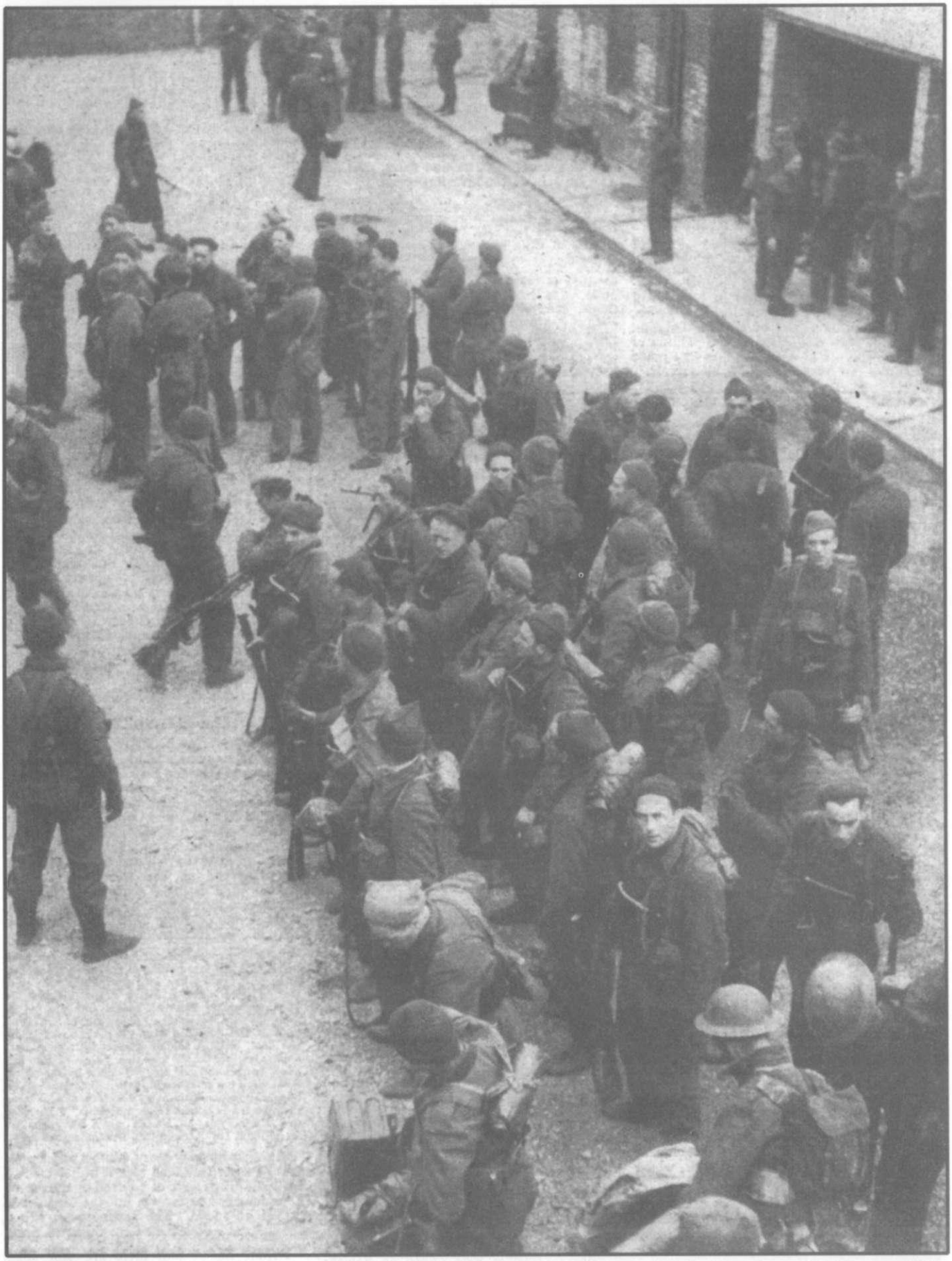
I believe there are three things which we all want, and which we must see that we get. The first is to make this a truly cheerful country, a country in which we can laugh when we want and put our tongue out at the people we don't like; a spacious, active, enterprising, gay country. The second is to see that we are never again faced with the horror of mass unemployment. The third is to modernise the capital equipment, by which I mean the transport, the roads, ports, towns, houses and amenities of our country. And the curious thing is that in reaching for the third of these objectives, we shall be going a long way towards attaining the first two.

HOW should we do it? What part should the State play in helping us to do it? I believe it is when what I have called the honeymoon is over that the State will have to take the initiative and the responsibility on whatever scale is necessary in improving the capital assets, the common services and the amenities of our country, all things on which we shall earn a national dividend. Remember, too, that this country's economy, its business life, depend very largely on the import of raw materials and on working those raw materials up into finished products for our own use or for sending abroad. To do this, we want the most efficient transport possible, the most efficient machinery and factories and management. Above all we want the most efficient labour. And surely, for that, what matters most is that we should provide good housing, fine cities and open spaces and all those amenities that go to give us material happiness and contentment and security.

BY all means let us disagree upon matters of detail and how best to achieve what we want, but let us remain united on the main objectives. I believe we can attain that unity, in peace as in war. For example, I am a business man, or rather, I *was* a business man, and I suppose by definition I am a capitalist. But if anybody asked me whether there should be more socialism or more capitalism, more Government planning or more free enterprise, my answer is that there ought to be a great deal more of both. The essence of democracy should be a balance between the organising power of the State and the driving force of the free individual.

So I ask you to exercise the greatest of all human privileges, the right to hope, to foresee, and to plan the course ahead, for by this means the world advances. And if you are inclined to be gloomy, I beg of you at least once a week to indulge in a little wishful thinking. And one day, you know, we shall switch on the news and find that there is no enemy, and we shall pull aside the black-out curtains for the last time. [*April* 26, 1942

'Any More for the Trip to Boulogne?'



COMMANDO RAIDERS who pierced the Channel defences at Boulogne during the early hours of April 22 forming up before crossing the Channel. The attack was made by a force commanded by Major Lord Lovat, and penetrated enemy defences over a frontage of 800 yards. Though the point of attack was one of the most strongly-fortified stretches of the French coast, the attackers spent two hours on enemy-occupied territory and left with all their equipment. Our casualties were very slight. For the actual story, see page 701. *Photo. British Official: Crown Copyright.*

Bloody Was the Battle of New Britain

Rabaul, capital of the Australian island of New Britain, fell to the Japanese on Jan. 23, but several months elapsed before the first full account of the fighting which decided its fate could be pieced together. Here we give the story, based on the cables of G. H. Johnston, The Daily Telegraph's Special Correspondent at Port Moresby.

UNSHAVEN and bedraggled, with cheeks sunken and faces lined, wearing only the tattered rags of their uniforms, the survivors of the Australian garrison at Rabaul returned weeks later to their bases in New Guinea and on the Australian mainland. Altogether some six hundred made their way back through the tropical jungle and across enemy-infested waters—600 out of 1,399. They were defeated ; but what a fight they had put up ! With practically no air support they fought a Japanese invasion force of twenty thousand, supported by at least 150 bombers, fighters, and dive-bombers, and a formidable naval force. Over half their number became casualties ; but the Australians—they included men of the 22nd Battalion of the Australian Imperial Force, originally forming part of the 8th Division which had won distinction in the fighting in Malaya—did not give in until they had made the enemy pay most heavily for his success.

NEW GUINEA, the possession of which is being hotly contested by Japanese and Australian troops. To the north-east is the Bismarck Archipelago, with the island of New Britain where, as is told in this page, there has been most desperate fighting. Here, too, the Japanese have committed atrocities which will befoul their name for all time.

Map, Courtesy of News Chronicle

It was on Jan. 19 that reconnaissance machines of the Royal Australian Air Force sighted heavy concentrations of enemy shipping in the lee of Watom Island, north of Rabaul. Next day the Japanese raided Rabaul with 60 bombers and 20 fighters ; against these the Australians could oppose only five Wirraways, Australian-built machines generally used only for training purposes. All five were promptly shot down, but not before they had destroyed two of the Japanese ; and five more of the enemy planes were brought down by ack-ack fire. On Jan. 21 Japanese reconnaissance planes flew over Rabaul, and the same night Japanese marines from destroyers effected a landing at Kavieng, in New Ireland, in the face of strong opposition by an Australian Commando force. Another enemy detachment landed on the Duke of York Islands, which lie between Rabaul and New Ireland.

Then on Jan. 22 a ferocious attack on shipping and the Australian gun positions about Rabaul was delivered by 110 enemy machines. After hours of almost continuous bombing the Australians—they had no air support—were blasted out of their six-inch gun fort at Point Praed ; but a Japanese attempt to land planes on the Rabaul aerodrome came to grief, since, as they roared over the runways, demolition charges were exploded, crashing two of the planes. When darkness fell the Australians took up fresh positions on the slopes of the volcano, Mt. Vulcan. At midnight enemy aircraft came over and dropped parachute flares. At 2.30 a.m. on Jan. 23 the invasion began.

"Over the black waters," said Mr. Johnston, "before Vulcan, the Australians heard the chattering of the Japanese. They saw an occasional flash from their torches and heard their boat-keels grating on the shingle. Then came the sudden flaring of a green light as the troops signalled to the ships that the landing had been made. The invaders wore black singlets and shorts, and their faces were blackened. Little attempt was made at stealth, the enemy apparently supposing that the aerial attacks had wiped out the defenders. A Japanese bugler on the beach played only three or four notes. Then the Australians opened fire, and caused panic among the landing force. The fire was not returned, the Japanese making off in the darkness."

But the enemy managed to land at other places in the island, and by dawn they had scrambled up precipitous goat tracks to near the lip of the volcano. A Japanese soldier was spotted near the peak, signalling seawards ; a sniper got him immediately, and the signaller who took his place promptly shared his fate. Then, as it grew light, the Australians counted off Rabaul a convoy of 25 warships, transports and minesweepers, while beyond them near Watom Island were still more destroyers and three aircraft-carriers.

Under the protection of this powerful force, supplemented by 100 dive-bombers, the Japanese began to land in strength. Their barges, carrying 50 to 100 men apiece, were raked by fire from the Australian mortars, but by sheer weight of numbers the Australians were compelled to withdraw from position after position. They took heavy toll of the invaders, however, as they went back. To quote from Mr. Johnston again :

"Heavy casualties were caused on Raluana beach by 150 members of the A.I.F. Thousands landed at this point. Many becoming entangled in the barbed wire made easy targets for machine-guns. Firing from concealed positions the defenders continually swept the wire. The water was red with blood and thick with the bodies of the dead. For an hour the bloodiest battle of the New Guinea campaign went on. Despite the slaughter, the Japanese continued to bring in barge after barge, which bumped over the bodies. It was not long before the Japanese realized the value of the dead. They gathered up scores of bodies, threw them across the wire and clambered over them. Along the beach dead were 6 ft. high for about 200 yards. During the beach fighting, and in hand-to-hand struggles later in the coastal gullies, it is estimated there were at least 1,500 Japanese killed, with fewer than 20 Australians slightly wounded."

Advancing in parties of twelve, armed only with grenades, the Japanese attacked in waves, and by noon were swarming everywhere so that further resistance was useless.

"As the Japanese made a final charge up the beach the Australians coolly outwitted them. Waiting until the enemy were on top of them they ran into the scrub. The invaders, unable to distinguish Australians from their own troops, were momentarily nonplussed. This enabled the Australians to turn off through the bush to a prearranged point where trucks were waiting to take them away in one of the most extraordinary withdrawal actions of the war."

Glancing back ere they disappeared into the bush, the Australians saw enemy ships moving up the harbour in line abreast.

Then followed days and weeks during which the Australians struggled through some of the worst jungle country in the world, country which has hardly ever seen a white man—through tropical downpours and slimy morasses, across rivers thick with crocodiles ; they scaled precipices with ropes made from creepers, and bridged chasms by swinging on vines hanging from trees. Their daily diet was one army biscuit and a twelfth share of a tin of bully beef per man. As the days passed some began to drop with fever ; they were carried along on the shoulders of their comrades, who were almost dropping themselves, or borne on hastily-contrived stretchers.

These at last reached safety. But some, alas, fell into the enemy's hands. One party of ten officers and fifty men were trapped at Gasmata by a landing-party from a Jap destroyer. Each Australian officer was handed a revolver and one bullet, and ordered to commit suicide. After the massacre the Japanese steamed away in their warships, thinking that none survived to tell the tale. But three Aussies lived, and, with their hands still tied behind their backs, wandered in the bush for several days before being rescued. Here is what one of them said : he escaped by shamming death after being shot three times :

"The Japanese tied our hands behind our backs and formed us into parties of ten, all tied together. Each party was taken into the jungle. My party was stopped after going a short distance. A Japanese officer drew his sword and ordered his men to fix bayonets. One Australian after another was detached from the party and sent into the bush with a soldier armed with a bayonet. Soon after we heard screams. One of our men asked to be shot, and this was done by the officer. Another of our fellows got loose and dashed into the bush. The officer caught up with him, ran his sword through his back and then shot him. Afterwards several men were bayoneted only a few yards from me without being taken into the undergrowth."

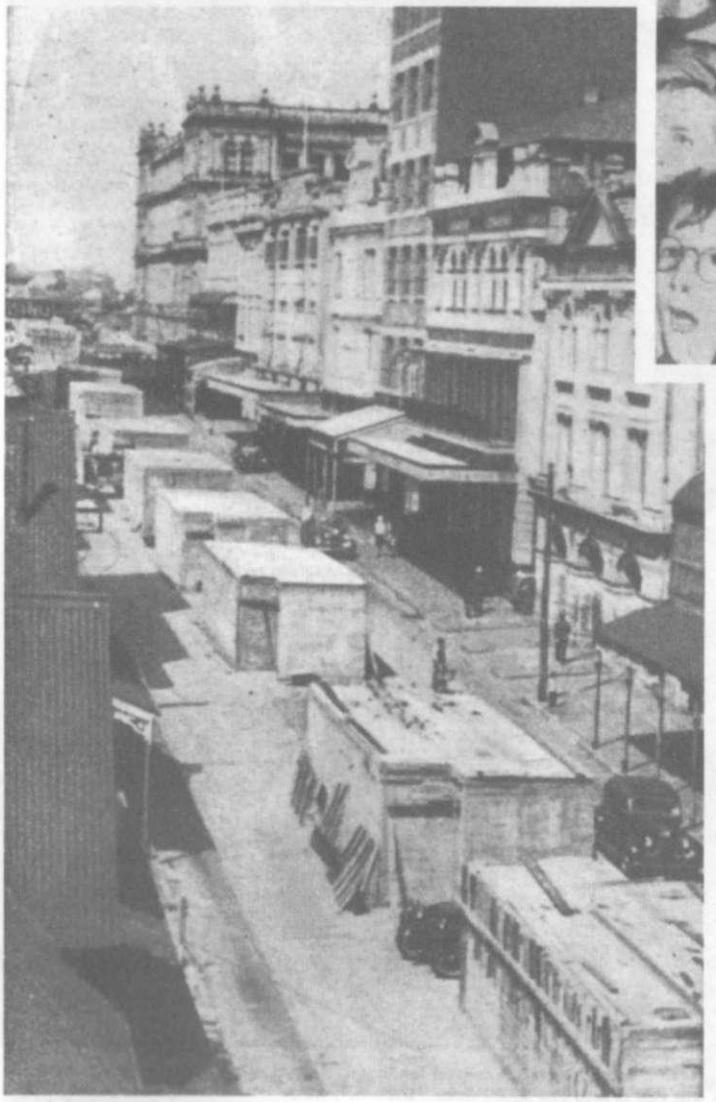
Another atrocity story, almost as horrible, tells of three wounded men in a hut on New Britain. They were discovered by the enemy. One managed to escape, but the others were unable to move. The Japanese set fire to the hut, and both men were burnt to death.

Report has it that there are still small groups of Australians in the hills and jungles of New Britain, waiting for a chance to escape. They and their comrades have much to avenge.

Getting Ready and the Real Thing 'Down Under'

IN AUSTRALIA coast defences, like those in Britain, have been hurriedly constructed around the coast now that the danger of invasion threatens the island continent. These Australians are erecting barbed-wire entanglements on a sandy cove.

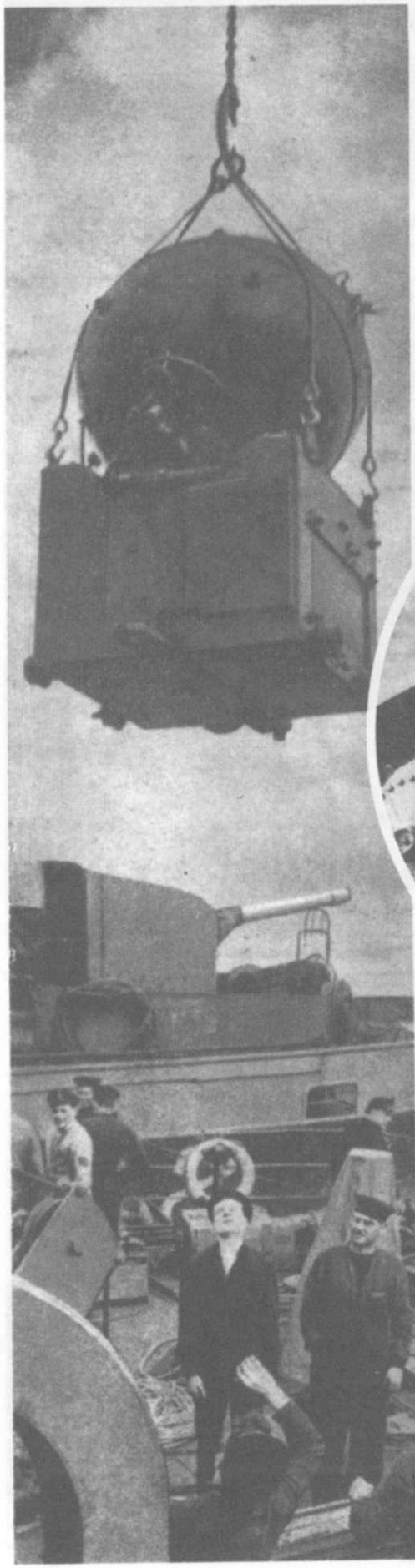
Schoolchildren of Redfern, suburb of Sydney, practising air-raid drill, are told to hold their ears and keep their mouths open. The photograph was taken in a school corridor, for shelters had not yet been built.

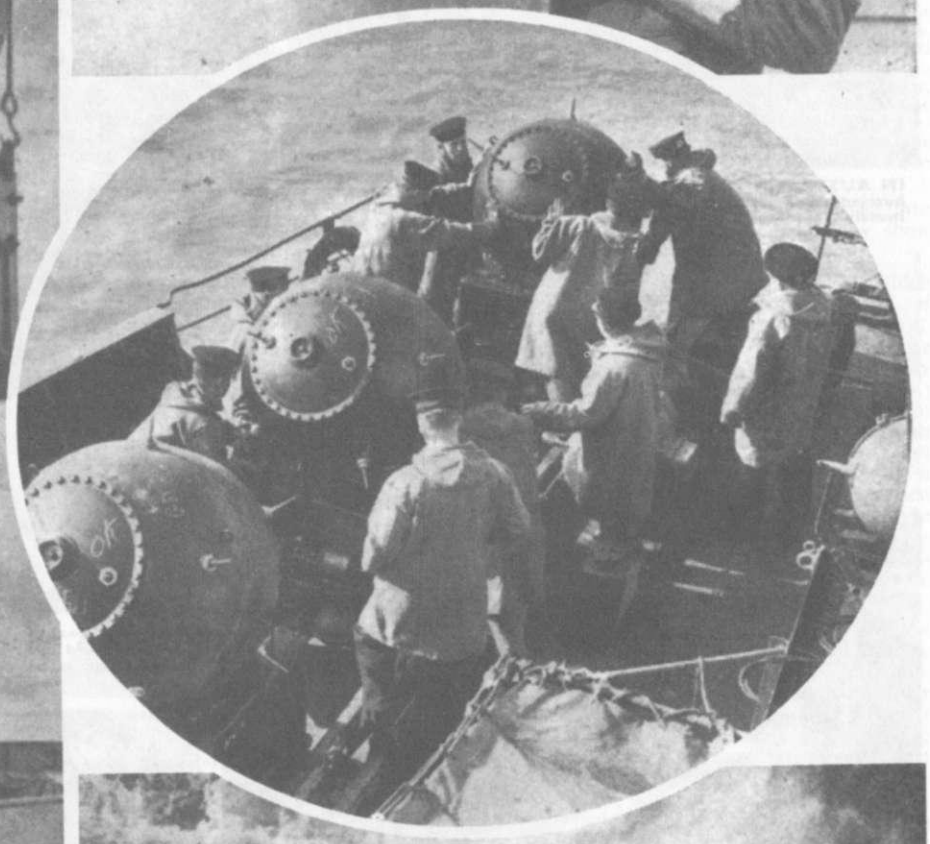


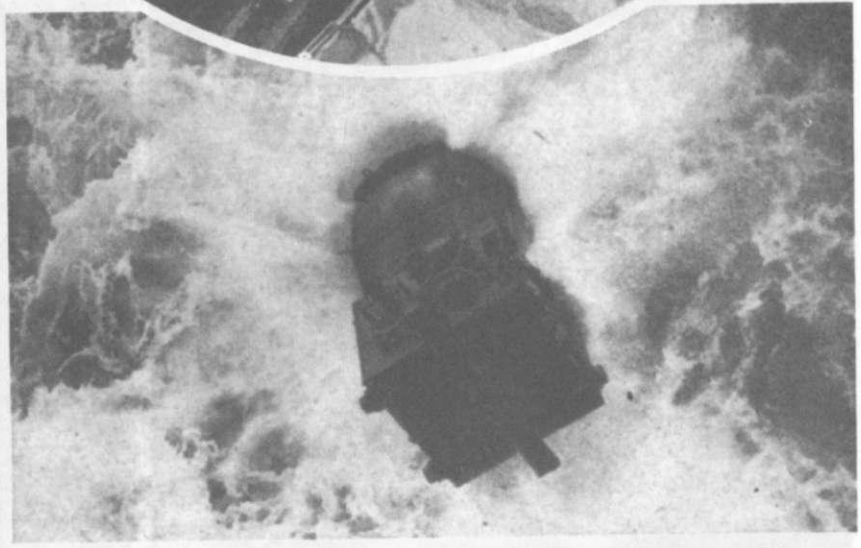
BRISBANE, Queensland's capital, sees surface shelters such as are a familiar sight in Britain springing up along her main thoroughfares as the threat of Japanese air attack hangs over the continent. Right, clouds of smoke pouring from a Guinea Airways hangar at Salamaua, New Guinea, after it had been set ablaze during a Japanese air raid on the island.

Photos, News Chronicle, Keystone, Associated Press

Sowing Deadly Mines in the Enemy's Path



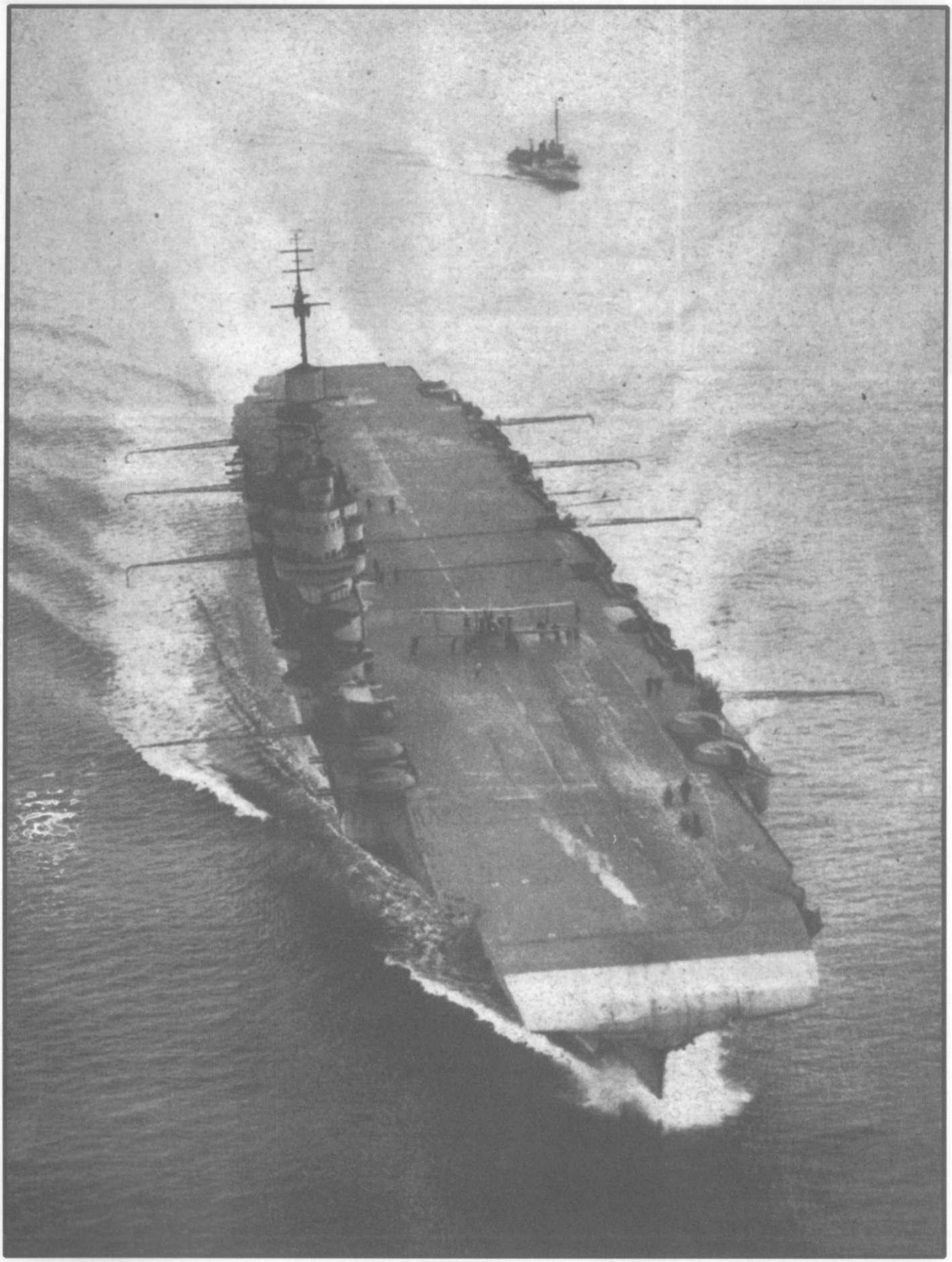




MINELAYING to safeguard Britain's coastal sea lanes. Left, a mine being lowered on to a truck which will run it into the ship's hold. Later it will be "sown" against enemy shipping. Top, a "horn" being fixed to a mine. If one of these horns is touched by a vessel the mine will explode. Circle, duffle-coated sailors pushing mines to the stern of the minelayer ready for laying. Above, the mine hits the water after leaving the trap.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; The Daily Mirror, Planet News

Once More 'Illustrious' Sails Out to Battle

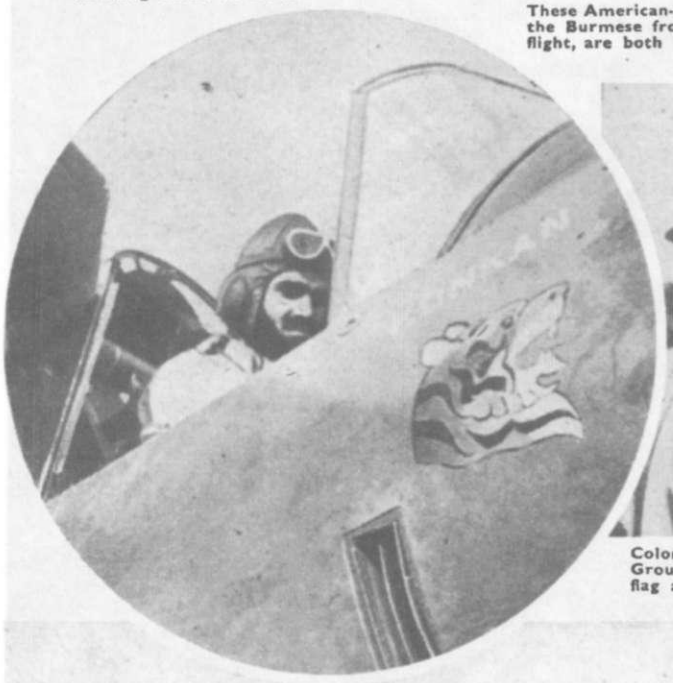


H.M.S. ILLUSTRIOUS, 23,000-ton aircraft carrier, which was badly damaged during a dive-bombing attack in the Mediterranean, is again in service after refitting in American and British dockyards. Her present commander is Captain A. G. Talbot, D.S.O., R.N. This photograph shows a Swordfish aircraft which has just landed on the flying deck of the Illustrious and is being taken to the forward lift. H.M.S. Illustrious, which normally carries a complement of 1,600, was laid down in 1937. Accompanying her above is an attendant destroyer. *Photo, Central Press*

What Odds They Faced in Burma's Sky!

Air Vice-Marshal D. F. STEVENSON, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Air Officer Commanding R.A.F. in Burma.

These American-built Brewster Buffalo single-seat fighter monoplanes have been in action on the Burmese front. The two pilots in the foreground, just returned from an operational flight, are both New Zealanders: Sgt.-Pilot T. Beable, of Hangatiki (left) and Sgt.-Pilot W. Christenson, of Christchurch.



Colonel Claire Chennault, until recently commanding the American Volunteer Group in Burma, gives instructions to a pilot, on whose back is seen the A.V.G. flag and instructions in Chinese to safeguard the pilot in case of forced landing.
(See also page 510.)

ON A BURMESE AIRFIELD, where coolies are busily working, Kittyhawk fighters of the American Volunteer Group are ready to take off. Cooperating with the R.A.F. in Burma, the pilots of the A.V.G. have scored many successes against the vastly more numerous Japanese. Circle, an Indian pilot with the R.A.F. in Burma whose cockpit is adorned with a painting of the Tiger of Konkan.

Photos, British Official, Pictorial Press, G.P.U., Central Press

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Raided Boulogne Beach in Gym Shoes

The daring "small reconnaissance raid" on the French coast near Boulogne which our Commandos carried out in the early hours of April 22, is graphically described below by Reuter's war correspondent, Alan Humphreys.

"HALTEN!" This was the only word spoken by a torch-swinging German forming the one-man patrol that was the first to challenge our Commandos during their two-hour reconnaissance excursion near Boulogne. Tommy-guns spat. A torch went out. We heard no more.

Veiled in night mist our craft crept silently inshore. The Commandos plopped into the shallows and waded to the beach. They were wearing action make-up — jet-black faces. All wore gym shoes, with the exception of one of the officers. He is a former police station inspector in the East End of London. His footwear was a pair of carpet slippers kept in place with elastic. As he clambered over the side he muttered, "I intend to invade France in comfort." His home-made heavy armament was a "cosh."

While we were off the beach searchlights flickered nervously. The Nazis were showing signs of disquiet. As we advanced we could hear whistling, but instead of being met by withering machine-gun fire the Commandos covered the several hundred yards to the safety of the sand dunes at the top of the beach without incident.

Then there was action. But the Commandos were not involved. It was the Naval forces of light craft which had brought the Commandos on this job. While the "little ships" were lying off waiting to bring the Commandos back, they were engaged by a German "flak" ship and smaller craft. The Commandos were getting on with their assignment very quietly. To their surprise all the fireworks came from the sea. These fireworks also caught the attention of the German beach defenders. Their suspicions had been aroused by the presence of our Naval force. They were so engrossed that the Commandos had swept across the sand and were at the beach before they met machine-gun fire.

We had the initiative until the moment when we withdrew—the Germans were always fighting where they were compelled to. We penetrated enemy defences over a frontage of 800 yards. Much of the machine-gun fire was enfilading the beach over the heads of our men. As it dawned on them that a raid was being made, the Germans fired a shower of Very lights. They went up right and left.

British patrols went out and contacted enemy strong points, cutting communications and thereby preventing reinforcements being sent for. "The pill boxes had not the foggiest idea where we were and what we were doing," said one patrol leader. Remarkable from the military point of view was that, after spending two hours on enemy-occupied territory, every man was withdrawn with arms. Our casualties were negligible.

Major Lord Lovat, wearing the bonnet of his own Lovat Scouts, told me: "We were lucky. During our advance to the sand dunes we might have had to face machine-gun fire." A 21-year-old captain from Glasgow, who came through Dunkirk, said: "We ought to have been cleaned up, but we were not. My sergeant had a very near miss when some of their stuff fell about six inches from him. It was the withdrawal, like all withdrawals, which was the most difficult part of the operation."

A private from Walthamstow told me his experience. "I was clawing my way through the beach wire when I felt my pants catch on it. Just then a Very light went up. It spotlighted everything. I thought I was a goner. Somehow I was not hit."

A Commando, back from the Boulogne raid, hands back unused ammunition. He will probably need it again very soon.

After the Navy's short engagement with enemy warships, which ended in the "flak" ship slinking off, apparently on fire, the eerie silence and darkness of a "Commando night" descended. Then came the rendezvous with the returning Commandos. Slowly sweeping in the direction from which they should appear, the ships scoured the sea. At last, against the pearly grey sea and sky of early morning, came the black shapes of the landing craft. We saw them at last clearly, still black-faced, waving and smiling, their teeth gleaming against the dusky hue. Yes, Britain's task troops had come back from another task—more singeing of Hitler's moustache!

Our Trek Southwards from Bombed Darwin

In the vastness of Australia the evacuation of civilians from enemy-threatened regions presented a very different picture from that seen in England. Here is an account of the first impact of war on Australia, by Mrs. Hilda Abbott, wife of the Administrator of the Northern Territory.

I SHALL never forget the first Jap air raid on Darwin—the cheque I was writing when the sirens went; the scream of bombs and the cries of the injured; the crash of concrete that killed our poor little laundry maid; the roar of planes and guns; the bullets that sprayed round as we lay in a bed of zinnias; the scramble to shelter down a cliff face . . .

But it is not of raids on Darwin that I want to tell you—but of the evacuation "trek" across the vast spaces of Australia that followed.

After the first bad raids on Darwin both the Commandant and my husband, the Administrator, said the women must go south. They put the Judge in charge at the railway station, and the A.R.P. men gathered there all the women, the wounded, and the old men. Thirty little children and six nuns, who had been brought in the day before from a lonely mission station, were taken by lorry 70 miles down the line, where they had to wait till we picked them up.

The wet season was not yet over. We were travelling in cattle trucks, and as we

OFF TO BOULOGNE are these Naval ratings, about to embark for the raid on the French coast. The Naval force was under the command of Lt.-Com. Thomas Cartwright, R.N.V.R. Right, Major Lord Lovat, who led the landing-party, giving orders to the officers before setting out for Boulogne; 53 regiments were represented in the raid. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Evacuees from Darwin, on Australia's threatened northern coast, making their way southward in open trucks. An account of the evacuation of civilians from Northern Territory and the difficulties involved is given in this and the preceding page. *Photo, Keystone*

had all been told not to take much baggage, the comforts of cushions and blankets had been left behind. The night was warm, but the truck floor a little hard.

We went on through the forest country. It was a long, hot day. A group of Dutch people were in a goods truck just ahead of ours, and a woman sat with a Turkish towel over her head. They had had terrible adventures getting away from islands in the north. I had met many of them, and had welcomed them to Darwin with a cup of tea. Now I invited the woman to the shelter of our cattle-truck. Her husband was a doctor, and he cared for us all on that journey and attended to all our air-raid injuries.

After our hot day travelling through the forest country we came to Katherine. The constable in charge, the hotel-keeper, the school-teacher—they were all on the little platform to offer us baths and meals and beds. I begged that the train go on as soon as possible; we were all feeling a slight reaction and as long as we were travelling on into the limitless interior it seemed better. We had refreshing shower-baths in an outhouse at the back of the earthern-floored, funny little hotel, and we carried dishes of water and sponges and food up to the wounded in the train.

Then we were off again. This time we rumbled along through a starry night, and bumps and jolts and bangings could not rob us of a feeling of peace as we lay on the floor, leaning on the children's rolled-up ground-sheets. I think everyone on that train fell quickly into an exhausted sleep.

Next morning we transferred from the train to motor trucks. For hundreds of miles our motor convoy pounded on. It was heavenly, after the train journey, to be out in the open like this, threading through woods, across rolling plains. At given places the convoy stopped for tea, and gradually that welcome break came to be a grim necessity. For tired bodies now ached, every hurt was becoming more painful. In the trucks the temperature went up and the wounded became restless and hysterical.

For three days we pelted on—on where the dust blew and hard hills frowned down, but where women always waited to tend the travellers. Now the outposts of the Macdonnell Range rose before us—grassy hills with flat-topped, rocky ridges. Taller and bigger they grew until the blue ranges came in sight, and grass and sheep and cattle told us that we were nearing a settlement.

After snaking our way through the hills we came to the neat little town of Alice Springs, with its clean bungalows, tidy streets, shade-giving cedars and gum trees, and hoses busy spraying green lawns.

Stiff and cramped, bruised and battered, we climbed down from the trucks, to be welcomed at the schoolhouse with cups of tea and to be shown rows of beds made up for us on the floor. The women of Alice Springs were all ready for us. Good hot dinners were provided at local cafés, and they saw us all made comfortable. The hospitals took in the wounded.—*The Daily Mail.*

PTE. NORA CAVENEY, of Walsden, near Rochdale, Lancashire—the first of Britain's A.A. girls to be killed in action. Private Caveney was working a predictor on a gun-site during an enemy air raid on the South Coast in the early hours of April 17. She was following an enemy plane and was "on target" when she was hit by a splinter of a bomb which fell not far from the emplacement. Another A.T.S., Private Gladys Keel, at once took Pte. Caveney's place. A battery officer said that the girls' discipline under fire was splendid.

Photo, The Daily Mirror

What I Discovered About the 'Doughboys'

The following amusing but informative account of the dress and habits of the "doughboys" was broadcast by Denis Johnston after visiting an American army camp somewhere in the British Isles.

THE first thing you notice is the variety of costume about the place. You picture these "doughboys" in khaki tunics and forage caps very like the British, but with canvas spats extending up the leg nearly to the knee. But very few of them seemed to be dressed like this in private; they wear light waterproof jackets lined with wool, with zip fasteners up the front—useful little coats. And blue or khaki overalls, called denim suits, when they're working about the place, and gumboots, and, those things you never see on a British soldier—goloshes. They call them rubbers.

On their heads they wear about five different varieties of hats: two types of steel helmet, a sort of deer-stalker's cap, a fur-lined thing with ear-flaps for cold weather, and one or two of them even had the old Boy Scout's hat we used to see them wearing in the pictures, although I believe these are officially withdrawn now. Their gasmasks are in great flat triangular haversacks slung under the left arm, very much bigger than ours but no heavier.

It's sometimes quite hard to tell the officers from the men, if you don't know what to look for. I was puzzled quite a bit over this—what really was at the back of it—because the badges are these all right, and all the discipline and respect for officers that you find in any other army—the "sirring" and the saluting. (I've never seen so much saluting, with or without hats.) Maybe it's because they usually salute with that grin of recognition they give, because they're run on a more personal basis, or because many of them have been at school together. Anyhow, there you are; it's a difference that I can't explain, but which you can't help noticing all the time.

Yet at heart they're really very like all other soldiers. They've got the same sort of jokes, and the same sort of complaints, although usually about different things, due mainly, of course, to the different background. For instance, the weather over here is very hard on Americans, because according to their standards of warmth and comfort we don't take the winter seriously. We don't have to in the way they do at home, and consequently they often find it unbearably chilly.

Then they're used to a different kind of food. You can tell that at once by their dixies, their billycans. The British soldier has a deep one because the basis of his cooking seems always to be stew; the Americans have flat oval dixies because they do not stew, they fry. They're used, of course, to a balanced diet in camp: their bit of green

salad, their cereals, their orange juice, and, above all, their milk. They're great milk drinkers, which is hardly true of the British soldier. It's just a matter of habit, and habits have to be taken into account even on active service.

Otherwise their interests are very much the same, and one of the most likable things about them is the fact that they're so young and hard. The doughboy likes to show off his equipment and talk about his home and civil life. The British soldier very often has a photo of his girl in his pocket-book; but some of these Americans have a pocket-book that opens out into a sort of concertina affair with a regular battery of photographs.

'DOUGHBOY' FROM DAKOTA, Sgt. Lyle Marshal, takes some refreshment after landing in Northern Ireland. *Photo, G.P.U.*

We Ran the Gauntlet Through the Skagerrak

At the end of March 1942 eleven Norwegian ships laid up at Gothenburg, Sweden, attempted to run the blockade through the Skagerrak. Though attacked by German planes and warships, some of the ships reached England, as members of their crews tell below.

It was late one afternoon that we learned we were to sail at last (said one of the seamen who escaped). After months of exile, dashed hopes and disappointments, our secret preparations were complete. We were off to England!

But we dared not even raise a cheer as we slipped our moorings in the gathering dusk. The only noise came from the ice-floes crunching at our bows. We showed no lights, and as the sky darkened we crept out of Gothenburg harbour. We did not all go out together.

We knew we were taking tremendous risks, but we did not expect things to happen as quickly as they did. The Germans had been tipped off. They were waiting just off the Swedish coast, and they opened up on us immediately. We could do nothing in reply.

Soon shells were screaming all around us. German bombers droned overhead, and it seemed as if nothing could save us. Some of our ships were being fired at from point-blank range. Somehow or other they managed to survive, but it seemed clear that complete destruction awaited us if we carried on, and most of the ships turned back.

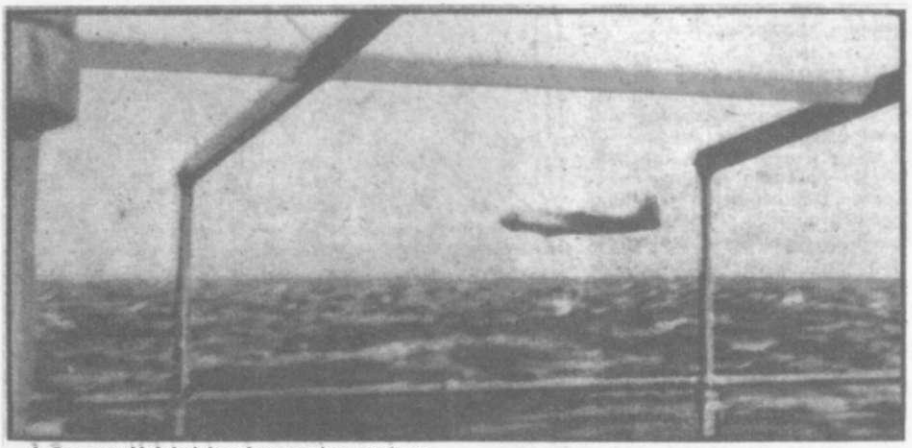
Then, quite suddenly, a heavy fog came down. Visibility was reduced to nil and the bombardment stopped. We were in company with a larger ship. With the fog to hide us, we decided to try again. Most of the other ships did the same. With a little luck we felt we would get through.

We crept out again, making for the narrow neck out of the Kattegat. I saw a vivid flash. I think it was the ship which had turned with us on the second attempt. She must have been hit by a torpedo.

We raced on at full speed. Above us we could still hear the roar of the German bombers, and every now and then there was the thud of exploding bombs. In spite of the fog, German warships and U-boats resumed their attack. Torpedoes seemed to fill the sea. But all missed. We were chased for hours, and attacked with every form of weapon—bombs, shells, torpedoes. The fog was our salvation.

At last we were out of the Kattegat. Our chances of escape increased every hour, and we still went on towards Britain.

Then in daylight we saw two planes approaching. A cheer went up from the crew—the planes were British. They came low and everyone jumped about, giving the V sign and waving. It made us very happy to see the R.A.F. pilots waving back



A German Heinkel bomber getting ready to attack one of the ships that, as is told on this page, made the dash from Gothenburg.

NORWEGIANS REACH SAFETY. Some of the men who, as described in this page, ran the blockade through the Skagerrak to try to reach England. The men's faces have been purposely blurred so that they may not be identified by the enemy and their relatives made to suffer. *Photos, Planet News*

[Now the story is taken up by a nineteen-year-old nurse, one of the few women passengers to make the perilous journey.]

Until last November I was looking after sick Norwegian prisoners sent to our hospital from German prison camps. The staff never had any trouble with the Germans, but the Gestapo were always in and out, asking our patients many questions. All doors were guarded day and night.

One night last November I decided I had worked long enough for the Germans. I cannot tell you how I got away, except that I crossed the frontier into Sweden. There I worked again as a nurse, but all the time I was waiting to escape to Britain.

A chance came when I managed to get aboard one of the ships leaving Gothenburg.

We sailed from Gothenburg soon after dark on Tuesday, March 31. Early the next morning we spotted German ships. We turned back. Thick fog came down a little later, and at midday on Wednesday we made once more for the open sea.

An hour later waves of German bombers and fighters began their attack. For seven hours we were bombed and machine-gunned. Not one bomb hit us. Machine-gun bullets ricocheted about the deck.

I think I was more angry than frightened. I stood in the stern, just watching, fascinated that they could attack us so furiously for all that time without hitting us.

The next day armed trawlers shelled us. But they, too, failed.

Editor's Postscript

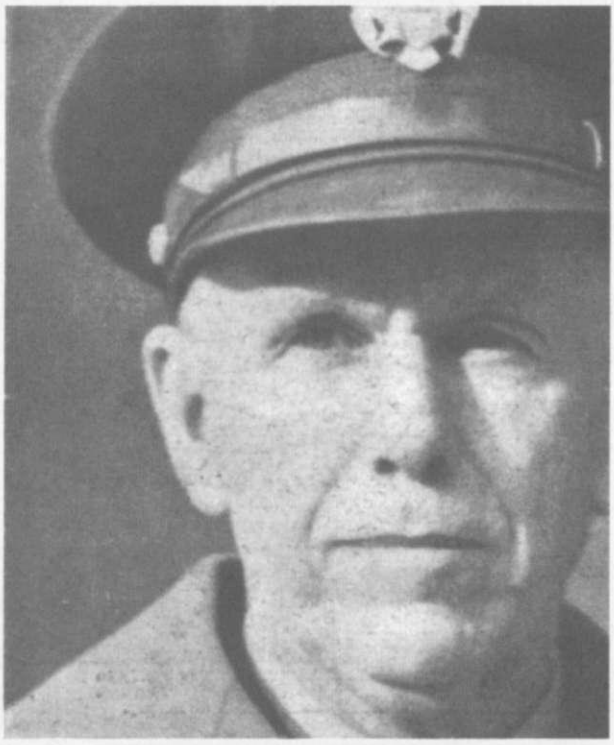
THOSE lucky American correspondents who were able to see at first hand so much of what has happened since the start of the War before their own country became involved, have had the bulge of their British confrères. What stories they have had to tell; how well most of them have done the telling! Their books are indeed "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time." I have read most of them. From the Land of Silent People is the latest. This is written by Robert St. John, who "covered" the Balkans for the Associated Press of America through all the shifting scenes of the Axis intrigue and action in Rumania, Greece, and Yugoslavia's heroic tragedy. His book is written with great verve and directness, though destitute of literary grace. But it appears at a time when the paper famine will be its only enemy, for I cannot see its publishers being able to print as many copies as will be called for. At the fateful hour of the Simovich *coup d'état* Mr. St. John shuddered to contemplate the impending slaughter when the mechanized Hun would fall upon the peasant army of the Serbs.

"I THOUGHT back a few months (he writes) when I was living in Bucharest and saw division after division of those grim, grey-uniformed Nazis parading past my window. I remembered watching their twenty-ton, fifty-ton, hundred-ton monsters of steel snorting along Calei Victoriei. I remembered how they amazed Bucharest by never inquiring the way. Most of them, tens of thousands of them, had memorized the map of Bucharest, with its maze of winding streets, before they ever left Germany. And whenever there was any necessity for conversation they talked Rumanian. Maybe not perfectly, but a whole lot better than any of us who had lived in the country for a year or two." He was also impressed with the great travelling repair shops that accompanied the columns. "No matter how much we may have disliked the Nazis, we were impressed by their army. No matter how much we sympathized with the Serbs, we knew theirs was a peasant-cart army." Later on he had a talk with a Serb soldier from a remote mountain district who had never heard of a tank. The poor chap said if there were men in these tanks they must come out, and, as he patted his rifle, "when they come out we shoot them." No wonder he thought then "God help Serbia!" But there will be another and a more epic story to write some day; it will tell how these valiant peasant folk are helping themselves under the dauntless Mihailovich. Pity there will be no lively American reporter there to "write it up" even in the American argot.

RARELY do I pick up any book without finding something in it to which the twisting course of events has not given some new and immediate interest. Reading this week-end the delightful account of her richly coloured life in Paris at the opening of the century by that brilliant Russian lady, Marie Scheikevich, who married a son of the celebrated artist Carolus-Duran, and became the friend of such literary lions as Anatole France, Jules Lemaître, Proust, Cocteau, and many more, I came across this: "To celebrate the return of Brazza to France, Mme. de Loynes gave a dinner followed by a reception. The explorer had that very day broken his arm on leaving the Chamber of Deputies. Having been hastily attended to by a surgeon, he did not fail his hostess, though he was in pain and his arm in a sling. At dessert three servants were needed to bring on the table a ship made of sugar-icing and named Brazzaville."

Brazza has been dead for nearly 40 years, and now the Congo town which he founded and which that sugar ship celebrated, is in the news again. Very much so, for it is the capital of French Equatorial Africa and the centre of immense activity at this moment as a rallying point of the Free French. It is surprising that Mussolini has not yet laid claim to that territory on the ground that the man who developed it for France was an Italian by birth. Brazzaville lies on the river opposite Leopoldville, the capital of the Belgian Congo, which Stanley was mainly instrumental in bringing under the Belgian crown at the very time that Brazza was mapping out the French Congo, and it is fortunate that these vast friendly lands are neighbours and will yet play an important part in frustrating Axis designs on Africa.

I HAVE just read an article in a London paper which develops the theme "Laval believes the Nazis are beaten." The most expressive comment on this would be Harry Tate's "I don't think, papa." Indeed, I have a feeling that several similar pieces of unexpected information from persons "recently in France" should be received with caution even though the informants are themselves above suspicion. For Laval is too practised in trickery not to encourage confusion of thought about his plans, policies, and personal opinions. It goes against reason to suppose that he has been plotting every hour of his life since the fall of France, to which his earlier machinations had so largely contributed, to snatch supreme power in the vassal state under his chosen masters believing that a day was coming when these same masters would be finally defeated by the Allies he had flouted and denounced. His pose of desiring to placate America, while vilifying Britain, has been assumed only in the hope of setting a little devil doubt to work between the united nations, which might eventually lead to a negotiated peace. He knows what's waiting for him when the Nazis are defeated, if before then the French protelariat fails to produce an avenger such as the old Girondists produced in Charlotte Corday.



GEN. GEORGE R. MARSHALL, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, who arrived in London on April 8 for important talks with Mr. Churchill and Service Chiefs. *Photo, G.P.U.*

THERE are also signs that underhand efforts are being made at present to excuse the anti-British pronouncements of Pétain. That is part of the same game, and possibly originated with the same "sources" that have suggested Laval deliberately excluded from his cabinet such notorious defeatists as his comrades in crime, Déat and Doriot, as a gesture of moderation. These rogues will have greater power outside than inside that gang of dishonest yes-men whom he has imposed upon his unhappy countrymen as a "government," and if Berlin had required their presence in his cabinet Laval would have them there. But we must not let any sympathy for an obtuse and dithering old man whose ineptitude for statesmanship has prepared the way for Laval, blind us to the fact that he has put his signature to many hostile acts against his former allies while promising to follow the path of honour in dealing with those whom the weakness of his own country had betrayed. Fortunately the anti-British nature of Darlan is black enough to resist any whitewashing. But as these triumvirs of vassal France have already by word and deed, jointly and severally, as the lawyers say, shown themselves enemies of Britain and of the Fighting French, it would be folly to think of them in any other guise.

I HAVE just received a postcard from a British prisoner of war in Germany, which has taken barely a fortnight to be delivered from his particular place of internment. His object in writing was to ensure that, although he is doomed to linger in a prison camp for the duration, his collection of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED should go on growing, for which purpose he supplies the name and address of his newsagent at Bromley, who is to gather the serial numbers and binding cases against the happy day of his returning home and adding them to his large collection of popular works originally issued in serial form under the same editorship. I certainly hope it may be possible to carry out his suggestion, as nothing is more pleasant than to return home from a period of even voluntary absence and find the old friends and familiar things you were interested in awaiting you: how much more so the gratification when returning to them after the anguish of imprisonment!

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. May 15th, 1942. S.S. *Editorial Address:* JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.